THE BYSTANDER
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APRIL 20, 1927
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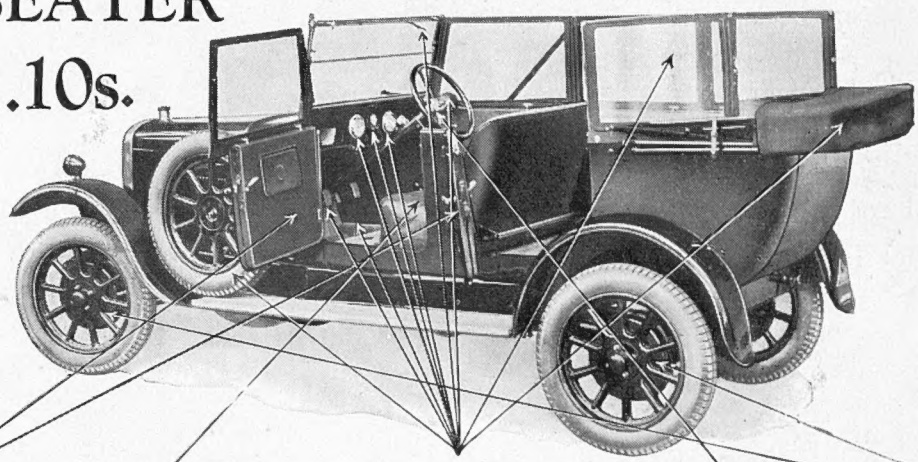

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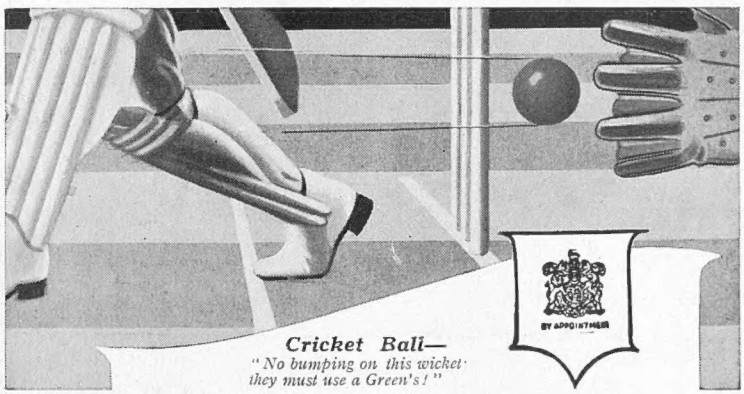

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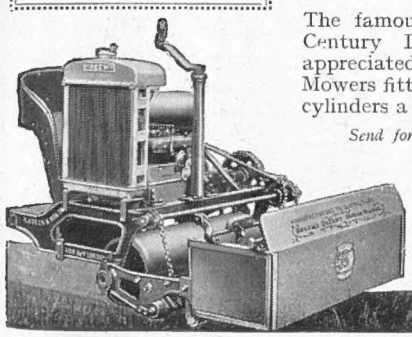

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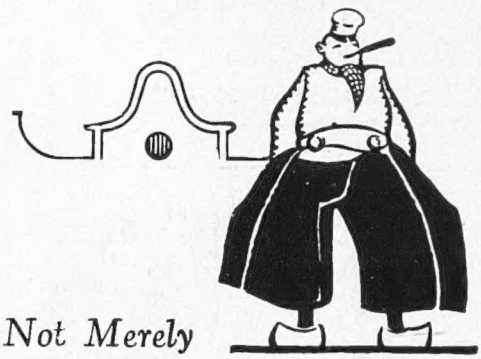

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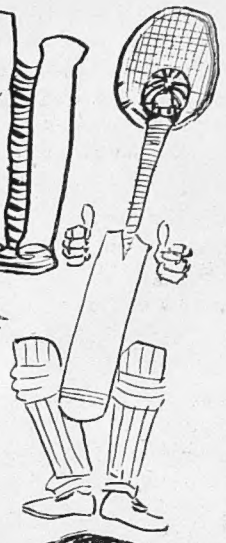
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.'



'ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE SUMMER SPORTING SEASON—'

Summer Sport

THE first county cricket practices warn us that we are on the threshold of the summer sporting season. Football enthusiasts will hate me for drawing attention to this, but I can't help their troubles. Facts are facts, and they can't deny that May will be on us before we know where we are.

The Final Thrill

TENNIS is more than ever an all-the-year-round game. Hard courts are springing up everywhere, but we must always look to Wimbledon to provide the climax and the final thrill. And there will be some thrills at Wimbledon this summer, even though Suzanne is no longer included in the "big four" of French lawn tennis. W. T. Tilden may or may not dominate the Men's Singles, but there will certainly be a rare tussle on the distaff side, and I shall be surprised if Señorita de Alvarez does not become more popular than her French rival ever was or ever could have been. For she combines great personality with temperament of a more attractive kind.

What a Conundrum!

THE "silly season" seems to have started much earlier this year. Following on an appeal made in one quarter to name the most famous Englishman who ever lived—Jack Hobbs, of course—we are now confronted with the task of selecting the best eleven football players of the past twenty-five years. What a conundrum! If you go to Derby County they will plump for Bloomer; while there is already a small riot working up over the respective claims of V. J. Woodward and Shepherd, of Newcastle, for the centre-forward position. As for Swindon, the railwaymen would be prepared to put Harold Fleming in any position you might care to mention.

THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISHMAN WHO EVER LIVED— JACK HOBBS, OF COURSE

How to Manage—

I DID not "listen in" when I might have heard on the wireless "How to Manage My Doctor." To be quite candid, I felt that I needed no instruction on this point. Doctors are a simple and pleasant race who give no trouble if you let them talk about their fishing or golfing exploits. Usually fishing! I have never quite discovered why doctors are so invariably addicted to fly-fishing. You may, in your innocence, assume that your doctor takes a bound volume of *The Lancet* to bed with him, but don't you believe it! Izaac Walton's *Compleat Angler* is *his* bed book.

I Want to Know

REVERTING to that "How to Manage" lecture, I hope the B.B.C. will continue the series. I should like to know how to manage all sorts of people. "How to Manage Your Manager" would appeal to lots of down-trodden souls; "How to Manage Your Leading Lady" would interest at least one theatrical manager I have in mind; and "How to Manage a Club Bore" would bring all the Piccadilly and Pall Mall earphones into use. I won't make the obvious joke about income-tax inspectors—an energetic and hard-working race deserving the respect and sympathy of us all. Stand back, you small boys!

DOCTORS ARE A SIMPLE AND PLEASANT RACE—'

'I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW TO MANAGE ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE—'

HOW TO MANAGE YOUR LEADING LADY—

A DIVOT AT WALTON HEATH—'

'A LIFE OF PLEASURE AND AMUSEMENT—'

The Real Facts

THE rural dean who referred to Sunday golf as "a life of pleasure and amusement" has probably never been bunkered at Gleneagles nor taken a divot at Walton Heath. How different are the real facts of the case! What a rare laugh the twenty-four handicap man will have at the expense of the rural dean! I doubt, indeed, whether any golfer living could subscribe to such a doctrine. For, as we all know, golf is more a solemn fast than a high day or holiday, and a mortification of the flesh into the bargain.

A Row of Rows

THE unfortunate *contretemps* that marked, even if it did not mar, the first performance of Somerset Maugham's new comedy, *The Constant Wife*, at the Strand Theatre, brought to a head a growing practice on the part of managers of making the boundaries of the stalls and the pit far more elastic than they were ever supposed to be. Briefly, as you are probably aware, an entire row of stall-holders arrived to find their seats already occupied by pittites, who, very naturally, refused to vacate their seats after having waited some hours for the doors to open.

By David Wilson

THE DE"VOTE"D SWAIN

"In the Spring our gallant Stanley lightly turns to thoughts of 'Votes'"

A Movable Barrier

HOW did it happen that the front row of the pit found themselves sitting in what should have been the last row of the stalls? Not being in the confidence of the Strand Theatre management I cannot tell you, but I *do* know how it *might* have happened. Since the pittites have been given plush tip-up seats the stalls barrier has become a movable affair, and its position is often governed by the number of twelve-and-sixpenny seats sold. If the play is a success back goes the barrier, and the pit seats are reduced almost to vanishing point. If business flags, forward comes the barrier, leaving more room in the cheaper part.

Greedy and Inconsiderate

ON this occasion it is just possible that there may have been a slight misunderstanding between the man who booked an extra row of stalls and the man who failed to pinch another row from the pit to accommodate them. There may, of course, be another explanation altogether, but one thing is certain: the capacity of the pit should be a thoroughly known quantity. It is unfair to allow keen playgoers to wait for hours, only to find that there is practically no pit left for them to sit in. Managers who adopt this greedy and inconsiderate attitude are breeding theatrical Bolsheviks, and what they may make on the gilded swings they will certainly lose on the more democratic roundabouts.

A Modern Champion

A RATHER piquant situation has arisen in connection with the special general meeting of the Surrey County Cricket Club which will be held immediately after the annual meeting on May 5. At present the younger members of the Club are not allowed to introduce visitors by card, but have to accompany them and sign the book kept for the purpose. These younger members are those elected after May 1, 1923, and they have found a champion who is moving an alteration of the rule which is responsible for their existing disability.

The Old Brigade

THE Surrey Club has had a considerable influx of members in recent years, but I fancy the majority rests with the Old Brigade, always providing the latter can be persuaded to come forward in defence of their rights. The Committee, however, are leaving nothing to chance, and have issued a special whip with a view to preventing the overcrowding for which the Oval pavilion was formerly notorious. I hope I shall not lose any friends if I publicly support the Committee in what is, after all, an entirely domestic matter. Following their convincing explanation, I shall hope to see the amendment to the rule withdrawn.

An Age of Change

A VERY noticeable feature of the news during the last few months has been the way in which large concerns have changed hands or have been amalgamated with firms even larger than themselves. It is a sign, I suppose, of an age which worships standardisation in everything. Consequently many of us experienced a pleasant surprise at a lunch given the other day by Messrs. Shoolbreds, of Tottenham Court Road. We had been told beforehand that a change in ownership had taken place, but it transpired that it was nothing very radical. The late owners have sold out their entire holding to a group of younger men, under the chairmanship of Mr. P. A. Best, who are to apply more modern methods to the business, but who will preserve the old traditions of the house, which, dating back to 1817, claims to be the senior store in the country.

The Smiling Princess

Marcus Adams

A charming study of the Queen with her grandchild, the infant Princess Elizabeth. The little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York was taken by Their Majesties to spend Easter at Windsor Castle

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

By THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A SCOTTISH WEDDING *Lafayette*

Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh and his bride, Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, after their wedding in the private chapel at Dungavel. The photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, the best man, Mr. Lee Hardy, the bridesmaids, Miss K. Mackintosh, Lady Mairi Douglas-Hamilton, Miss I. Ryder, Miss J. Burnett, and Miss M. Glasgow, and the trainbearers, the Masters I. and A. Hamilton

Quick Pictures

A NAVAL OCCASION

Lieutenant H. Spencer Cooper, R.N., and his bride, Miss Barbara Highet, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding. Officers from H.M.S. Dauntless and the Naval air arm furnished a guard of honour

"Command" Performances

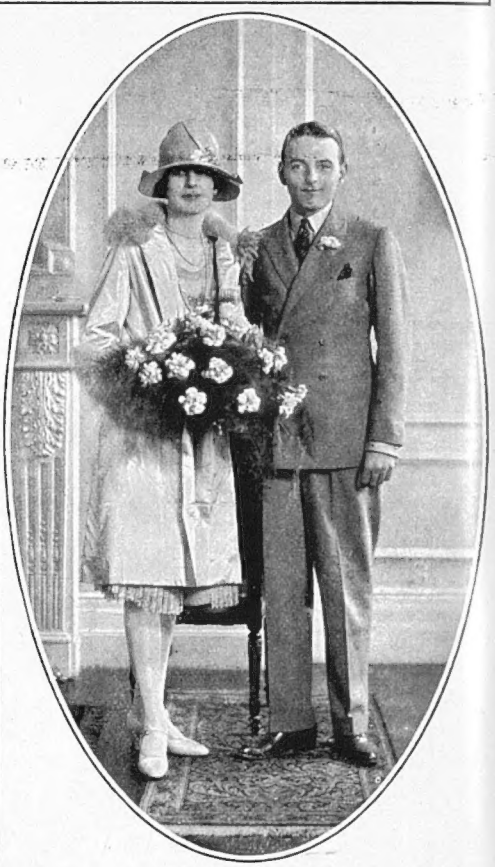
NOWADAYS, when the King and Queen keep their Court in London for seven or eight months of the year, "Command" performances of plays are seldom given. In Queen Victoria's time they were frequent, both at Windsor and Balmoral, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra used to delight in plays being given at Sandringham.

The cost of these "command" performances was a heavy one to the manager or actor-manager. Special scenery had to be made for the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor, and for the ballrooms at Balmoral and Sandringham—where the plays were performed. The fares of the company had to be paid. New dresses were always provided for the ladies, and there were many other expenses. Yet a Royal "command" was the best advertisement a manager could have for a play.

For example, the brilliant production of *Diplomacy* by Sir Gerald du Maurier with that notable cast—himself, Lady Tree, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Doro, Miss Annie Schletter, Mr. Owen Nares and Mr. Ian Forbes-Robertson, was nearing its end after a long run. There came a "command" to Windsor, and the theatre was closed for that night.

LEAVING THE CHURCH *Topical*

Lieutenant James Roper, R.N., and his bride, Miss Margaret Dathan, passing between the guard of honour after their wedding at St. Jude's, Southsea. Mrs. Roper is the only daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Dathan



AN APRIL WEDDING *Lafayette*

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Babbage, whose wedding took place at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, on April 7. Mrs. Babbage is the elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General G. E. Holland, R.E., and the late Mrs. Holland

Unless I was misinformed at the time, that "command" cost Sir Gerald du Maurier something like £500. But it brought a new lease of life to the play, and instead of the notices being put up it went on gaily for some months afterwards.

Films, of course, do not represent the difficulty of plays when they are "commanded." It is merely a question of photographic negatives, a projector, and an orchestra. Consequently the presentation of *Ben Hur* in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle made no particle of difference to the showing of the film at the Tivoli.

The Prince in Spain

THIS is the Prince of Wales's first visit to Spain if a day's excursion to San Sebastian is excepted during his last visit to Biarritz. And in Seville, in Easter Week, he will find an atmosphere more typical of the old Spanish colour and magnificence than anywhere else in Spain. Seville in Easter Week, especially during the gorgeous religious ceremonials, is a thing to remember all one's life.

French Heroines

IT is many years since I have heard an Englishman speak such perfect French as Sir George Arthur. The occasion was the reception given by the Anglo-French Luncheon Club to those four heroic Frenchwomen, Madame Belmont-Gobert, her daughter Angèle, now Madame Lesur, Madame Cardon, and Madame Baudhuin, who sheltered British soldiers in their houses during the War. Madame Cardon was sentenced to death by the Germans for sheltering Corporal Hull, of the 11th Hussars, a sentence afterwards commuted to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour.

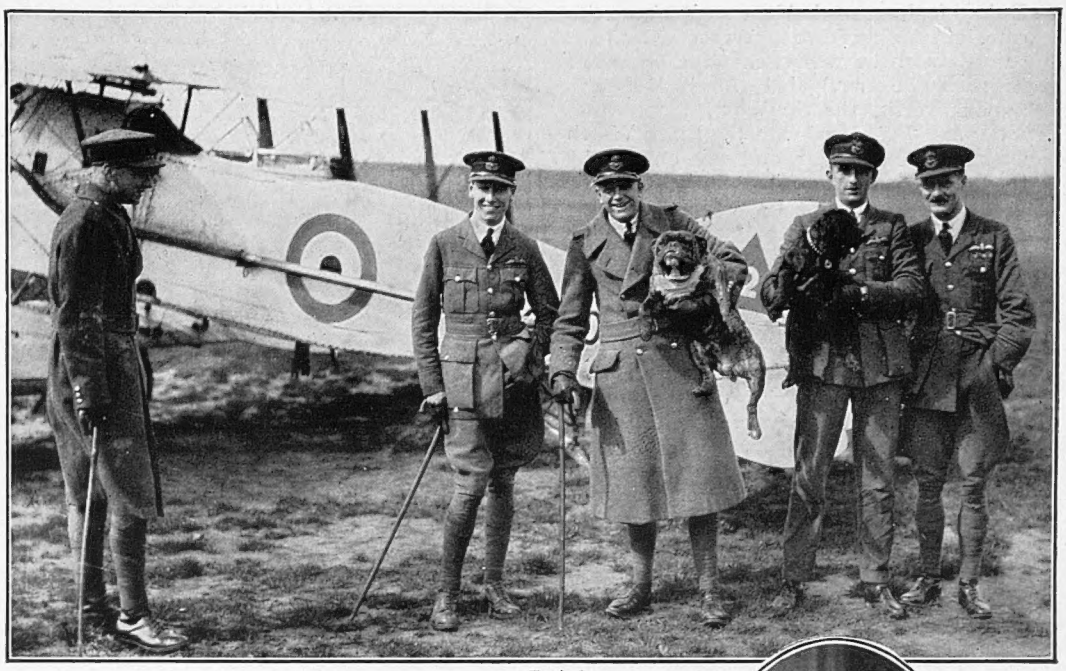
The day before there had been an official reception at the Mansion House. The Anglo-French Luncheon Club reception was more intimate. After the speeches—Sir George Arthur and Colonel Lawson said exactly what everybody in the room was thinking—all the company filed past the four plainly-dressed women, each one of whom wore the Order of the British Empire conferred upon them by the King. It would be difficult to imagine greater dignity or greater simplicity. "*C'était le devoir,*" said Madame Belmont-Gobert, in reply to a lady, who, pressing her hand in both her own, cried, "*Comme vous etiez brave—brave comme une lionne. Je ne puis pas vous dire comme je vous admire.*"

And *le devoir* to Madame Belmont-Gobert was hiding an English soldier—Trooper Fowler, of the 11th Hussars—for four years in a wardrobe, with German soldiers not only billeted in her house, but spending many hours of the day in the living-room in which stood the wardrobe. Of all the amazing histories of the War this seems to me the most amazing. Perhaps some day it will become an epic, like the story of Flora Macdonald and the Young Pretender. Such heroism carves itself on the tablets of history.

The Caledonian Ball

THE particular feature of the Caledonian Ball every year is the set reels which are always arranged and rehearsed by some great Scottish dame. This year the Duchess of Montrose will be responsible for gathering the dancers together and for the rehearsals of the reels. Until eighteen months or so ago the Duchess was the Marchioness of Graham, her husband being the late Duke's eldest son. She was the heiress of her father, the late Duke of Hamilton, from whom she inherited the Isle of Arran and much property in Suffolk. Incidentally, the Duchess is one of our finest women shots.

Alone amongst our Dukes the



Topical

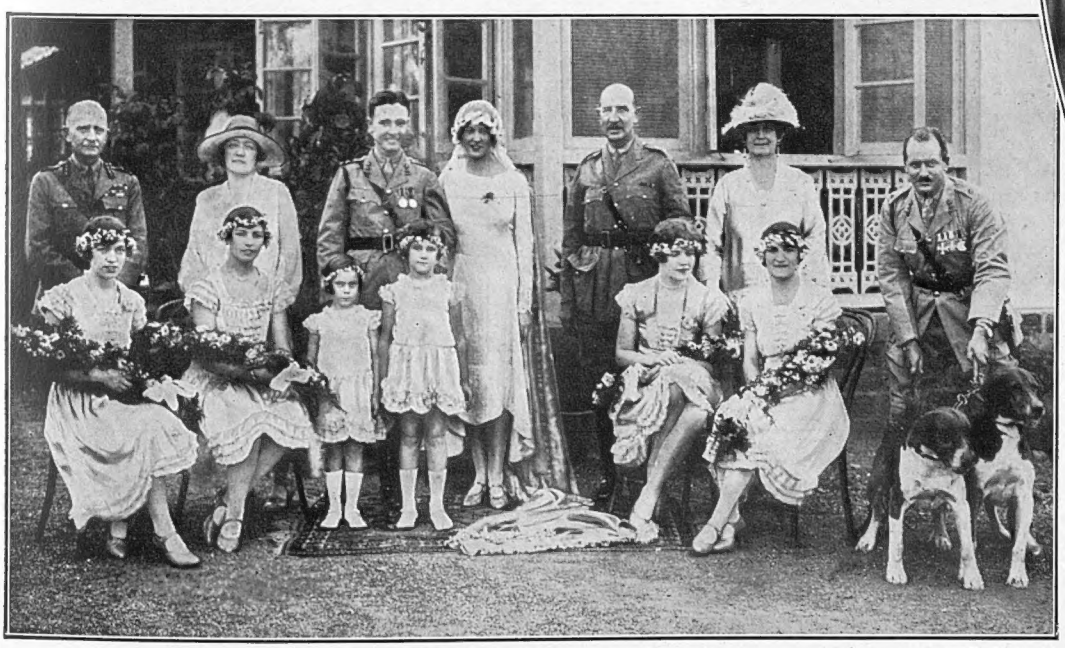
MOVES IN THE AIR

The Adjutant and some officers of an R.A.F. squadron at Manston Aerodrome, which is understood to be under orders for China, stand up smilingly to a camera barrage. "Satan," the bulldog, and "Biff," his companion "in arms," however, seem to harbour a disapproval of photographers

Quick Pictures

AN APRIL BRIDE

Lady Diana King, the youngest daughter of Lord Lovelace, photographed during a morning stroll. Her wedding to Mr. Alistair Gibb is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 28



Topical

A WEDDING IN POONA

A group taken after the wedding, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Poona, of Captain Donald Fraser Brown, R.E., Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners, and Miss Doris Lawrenson, the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. T. G. P. Lawrenson, I.A. The photograph shows, at back: Lt.-Gen. Sir Harold Walker, G.O.C. Southern Command, India (left), Mrs. Lawrenson, the bridegroom, the bride, Lt.-Col. T. G. P. Lawrenson, Lady Walker, and Major M. G. Campbell. In front are Miss Hatchell (left), Miss Hay, Miss Delap. Miss Ireland Miss Gaskell and Miss Cotton

Duke of Montrose holds a master's certificate in the merchant service, which he gained when he was twenty-one. On one occasion he navigated Lord Brassey's famous yacht, the *Sunbeam,* home from Australia. He served with the Black Watch during the Boer War, and was one of the two ducal heirs who fought beside their fathers on the veldt, the other being the Earl of March. Later he commanded the Clyde Division of the R.N.V.R., and after the War was the first officer of that branch to receive the rank of Commander. His eldest son, the Marquess of Graham, who comes of age next year, has inherited his love of the sea, and after leaving Eton, whence he carried off the boxing championship, likewise joined the R.N.V.R.

Let me remind you that the Caledonian Ball takes place at the Hotel Cecil on Monday, May 23.

Alfieri

LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO and the HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON

Two Fatal Falls

THE Duchess of Montrose is a cousin of the reigning Prince of Monaco, and through her grandmother is also related to the Grand-ducal family of Baden. Her grandfather, the eleventh Duke of Hamilton, married Princess Mary of Baden, a cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III. Their daughter married the late Prince of Monaco, but the marriage was annulled, the lady afterwards marrying Count Festetics.

The eleventh Duke of Hamilton spent a considerable portion of his time in Paris, where he was a noticeable and dashing figure in the most brilliant days of the Second Empire, and a particular favourite at the Tuileries. Leaving a fashionable restaurant one night after supper he slipped at the top of a staircase and fell headlong to the bottom. He was carried to his hotel, but his injuries were so serious that he died. During the few days he lingered the Empress Eugénie scarcely ever left his bedside, nursing him most devotedly.

Sport and General

A GROUP INCLUDING THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT (left), MISS HARFORD, LADY DALKEITH, THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, COL. TOLLEMACHE, LORD DIGBY, THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, and LORD DALKEITH

AT THE BEAU-

Onlookers at the Beaufort "waited for the waggon," the camera. The meeting

Exactly the same accident befell the fourth Lord Abinger forty years later, but his fall killed him instantly. If I remember rightly he broke his neck.

Alfieri

MISS MOLLIE GRETTON and LADY IRENE CUBITT

BYSTANDERS AT HAWTHORN HILL

A trio of photographs of onlookers at the Brigade of Guards meeting at Hawthorn Hill. The meeting was very successful, a big field running in the Household Brigade Hunters' Challenge Cup

A Curious Arrangement

THE present Duke of Hamilton succeeded his cousin, the Duchess of Montrose's father, and after Hamilton Palace was dismantled made his chief residence in Wiltshire. But he still has Dungavel, near Strathaven, in Lanarkshire, where his eldest daughter, Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton, was recently married to Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh, the well-known Rugby player.

The Duke has three sons, the eldest of whom, the Marquess of Clydesdale, shows exceptional talent as one of our first-class amateur boxers. Last winter he and Mr. Eddie Eagan, an American Rhodes scholar, toured through Australia and New Zealand, giving boxing exhibitions in aid of charities.

By a curious arrangement made in the

Topical

LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER with LADY WARRENDER

Sport and General

A GROUP INCLUDING THE HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD, LADY MARY STANLEY, LORD ERNE and LADY KATHLEEN CRICHTON

FORT 'CHASES

Hunt Steeplechases who and were waited upon by was held at Alderton

News Illus.

A ROYAL RACEGOER

Princess Mary photographed with Lady Noreen Bass in the paddock at the Derby Races. The meeting was favoured with a certain amount of good weather—as well as good racing

reign of Charles I the Duke of Hamilton's second son. Lord George Douglas-Hamilton, will become Earl of Selkirk on his father's death. The first Earl of Selkirk married a Duchess of Hamilton in her own right, and being created Duke of Hamilton for life, surrendered up all his other honours to King Charles, who re-conferred them with the proviso that the Earldom of Selkirk should go to the Duke's second son. This happened, and there were six Earls of Selkirk. When the last died, in 1886, his nearest relation was the then Duke of Hamilton. Thus the title returned to the source from which it came after a space of two hundred and forty years. It was inherited with the other Hamilton titles by the present Duke, and, as I have said, will ultimately go to his second son, Lord George.

The Public and Private Property

IT is always a difficult moment for all parties concerned when it is a question of withdrawing privileges which have been granted for so long a period that those to whom they are given have come to regard them as prescriptive rights. Haddon Hall is a case in point.

For two hundred years the house has been tenantless, the Manners family preferring stately Belvoir Castle. But now the present Duke has made the historic house habitable, and he and the Duchess intend to live there. In the course of time, however, the ducal permission to go over Haddon Hall has come to be considered practically as a right by thousands of "trippers," and sightseers in the big industrial centres which lie close to it. Hundreds of people from Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places passed through the house during the week-ends and on public holidays.

Obviously, if you are living in a house you can't have streams of people passing through it, and the Duke of Rutland, therefore, has been obliged to intimate that the privilege must cease. He has been approached by certain local authorities with the hope of his decision being altered or modified. But the situation is certainly supremely difficult.

Central News

WAR GRATUITY, SIR RICHARD CRUISE up, being led in by MISS PEGGY CRUISE

BENCH AND BAR OVER THE STICKS

The Pegasus Club for the first time in its history moved the venue of its Point-to-Point Meeting to Billington this year. This break with tradition, however, had no ill-effect on what was a very successful meeting

Central News

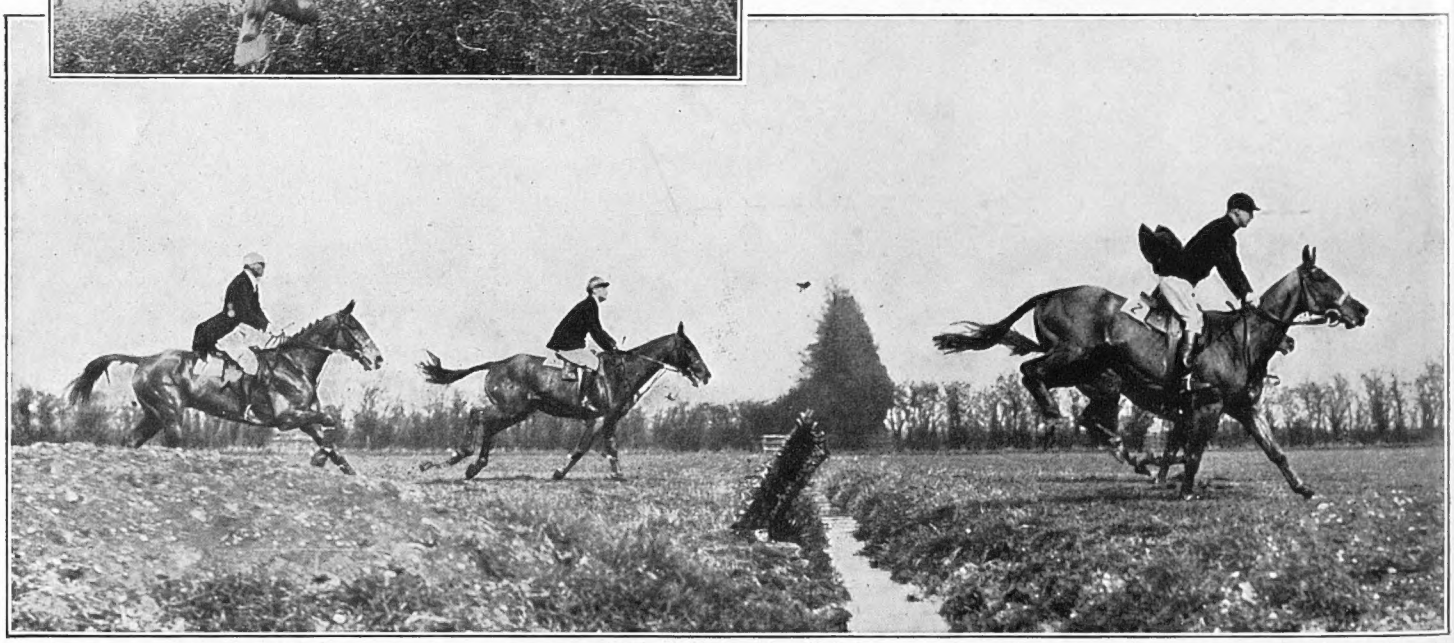
MISS HOLLAND (left), MRS. McCOULD, MAJOR McCOULD, MR. HOLLINGBONE, MRS. HOLLINGBONE, and MR. HOLLAND

Pictorial Points From Two Meetings

TAKING THE WATER JUMP *I.B.*

AN ARMY MEETING *Sport and General*

Mr. H. Tate on Flavia II and Mr. W. R. West (left) on Magic Blue in the Grenadier Guards Challenge Cup, which was won by the latter. This and the above photograph were taken at the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill



Photographs *C.N. and G.P.U.*

GOING WHILST THE GOING'S *NOT* GOOD

A general view of the Bar Heavyweight race in progress at the recent Point-to-Point races of the Pegasus Club, and (above) Mr. R. M. Ainsworth on Jock is seen winning the Lords and Commons Race. For the first time the meeting was held at Billington, near Leighton Buzzard, the going proving very heavy after the recent rains

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

A Hopeful Chancellor

ACCORDING to his Budget speech Mr. Winston Churchill is still hopeful of extracting a revenue of six millions from the Betting Tax in a full racing year. I do not think his estimate is likely to be realised in 1927. The volume of betting has declined appreciably since this time last year, and it is a matter of divided opinion as to whether this can be ascribed to the operations of the Tax or to the fact that the country is passing through a dull time just now. I do not believe the majority of racing people are worrying so much about the Tax as has been suggested, and I am optimistic enough to suppose that in due course the bookmakers will have no reason to complain of lack of business.

Will the "Tote" Come?

THERE is undoubtedly a strong feeling in certain circles that the time is ripe for seriously considering the introduction of the totalisator to this country. As an average backer I would much prefer to do business with the bookmakers than with the machine; but it would be idle to pretend that there are not some advantages attaching to the latter system. Perhaps the members of the Jockey Club will discuss the "tote" and its possibilities when they meet at Newmarket next week. Lord Lonsdale has stated that some matters of great importance are to come before the meeting on that occasion. Inevitably the Betting Tax will be gone into pretty thoroughly, and we shall be interested to see what the racing authorities have to say on this vexed subject in the light of the figures they have received from race-course executives. These show a rather alarming diminution of receipts since the Duty came into force. It is certain that any resolutions to which the Jockey Club may come will be received with considerable respect by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Classic Outlook

ALMOST interesting problem has to be tackled by students of form in the shape of the Two Thousand Guineas next week. Last year's racing produced about half a dozen two-year-olds who were only separated by a few pounds in the handicap. Most of those crack youngsters appear to have gone on in the right way, and it will be difficult to choose between them in the first of the classic events. Damon accomplished all that could be reasonably expected of him at the Craven Meeting, and on the strength of his convincing exhibition on that occasion he is quite likely to be favourite for the Two Thousand. It has been questioned whether Damon will stay the Rowley Mile; but, looking back on his public performances, I can see nothing in them which suggests that he is lacking in stamina. I have seen it stated that he is not bred to stay, but exactly the same thing was said regarding many of the offspring of The Tetrarch. We have seen the St. Leger won by three sons of the latter horse, and I perceive no reason why Stefan the Great should not also be responsible for good staying stock.

Beckhampton Colts

IT is on account of wind trouble that I doubt whether Applecross will be able to add to the remarkable record which the Beckhampton stable has gained in the Derby. At the same time, he will be a force to be reckoned with over the Rowley Mile next week. I have a great opinion of his stable companion Blue Boy, certainly one of the best-looking colts of his age. Perhaps he was a shade unlucky not to have beaten Kincardine in their race at the Craven Meeting. Childs, who rode Blue Boy, wisely did not attempt to punish him in the final furlong. I am sure there are great possibilities about this colt. In the City and Suburban on Wednesday, I like the chances of Sparus, Artist Glow, and Delius. The first of these was second twelve months ago to Warden of the Marches, and we may assume, therefore, that he is the right type of horse for the course. He ran well enough in the Newbury Cup to suggest that he will be winning a good race before long for his new owner, Mr. H. Shaw.

Epsom and Sandown

ARTIST GLOW did not run quite so well as I thought he would do in the Nottingham Spring Handicap last week, but he will probably be all the better for that race, and I expect him to be prominently in the fighting line at Epsom. Gordon Richards has been engaged to ride Delius. This was an expensive horse for backers last autumn, but I know what a high opinion has been held of him at Manton, and it would be imprudent to leave him out of calculations in any handicap for which he may compete. My selection is **Sparus,** and I shall take Artist Glow as possessing the best each way chance. At Sandown on Thursday we have the Esher Cup. Recent form points to the good chance possessed by **Cinq a Sept.** On the following day the Tudor Plate will be an attraction. It looks like affording an opportunity for **Blue Boy.**

PLAYING THE GAME

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by MAC*

Segrave's Stunt

THE back-wash of victory is reaching home now, and we are getting some of the intimate tit-bits of news about "De Haine's" hair-raising rush to the record on those Daytona sands. Some of these little items are not for publication, but the one that *is* tells us that the American nation was awed to a man by this Englishman's feat. And that they view him as representative of a type of "Britisher" who can, when really put to it, beat the Yank at his best game, which has always been speed. This coming over at a time when that hoary old song, "The Decadence of Our Sport," is being sung *fortissimo* all over the place is rather comforting. Apart from any other honour, it would seem that when a games player (and a very white one at that) gets full-page illustrations all to himself in the Press he has reached the limit of achievement.

Now if we can only pull off this year's Schneider Cup Race—the limit of speed in the air—we *shall* have something to entitle us to ask, over the telephone, of America, "Say, Bo, what d' y' know 'bout that?" Certain very picked pilots of the Air Force, with some very "hush-hush" machines and a cloud of mechanics, have been concentrating on this business at Felixstowe for some time. Good luck to 'em, say all Bystanders.

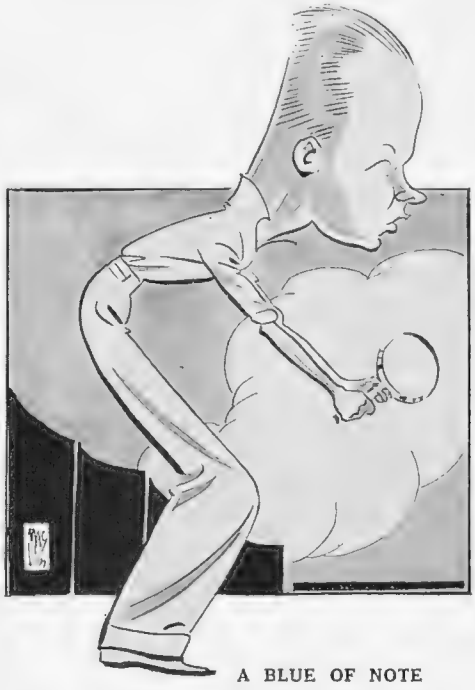
The Solemn Fame

WE may be losing games, but we have still retained our British pluck. Clear proof of this is contained in the recent announcement of the Wells (Somerset) Bowling Club that they will have no women members on the greens. The women, it is declared, are "an absolute nuisance," and their very presence on bowling greens an immodesty. I don't understand the latter statement. I have puzzled over it quite a long time, but am much too shy to ask for details. What fills me with unbounded admiration is the thought of these stout (I use the term eulogistically, not physically) fellows of Wells living bravely on in the neighbourhood, possibly for years, among a medley of matrons and maidens, *all* of whom will have something very definite to say about it . . . my sainted aunt!

Rugger's Requiem

THE Rugger season departs with a nasty cut over England's eye from France, which served her right. Some time ago we predicted in these pages the defeat of England by this promising Rugger-playing country. And there is nothing to worry about. It will give an immense fillip to the game over there, and that is all to the good. They were obviously the better side on the day's play, and there is nothing more to be said worth saying, except *meilleurs félicitations* to the French Rugby Union in general and those players in particular.

After bad news, good. The Twickenham seating is to be enlarged appreciably. Not the approach roads—that would be too much to expect. But they are going to increase the accommodation at the clock tower end, and a new tier, like a double deck, is to be built on the east stand. People often ask why they don't build a covered stand at the clock tower end. They purposely don't do this because they want the wind to get at the ground for drying purposes. Stands on all four sides in that low-lying district would be deleterious.



A BLUE OF NOTE

N. G. Farquharson, the Cambridge University and South African player, who is busily adding to his reputation. His volleying is exceptionally severe

After good news, something rather disquieting. One of the best wing three-quarters Wales has had for several years has been pinched for professionalism. The Northern League have taken George Andrews into the fold. You can't blame these men. Andrews was in the shipping world. The shipping world in Wales has been in a parlous state for some time. Along comes a very tempting offer:—£600 in cash, employment to be found at £6 per week, and bonuses at the following rate: £5 for a win, £4 for a draw, £3 when the side (Leeds) loses.

But with such an expensive player as this in the team one imagines that the board room orders to the other players will be to give the ball to Andrews and go on giving it to him—never mind about the game as a whole—and to Andrews that when he has got it not to let go of it until he has scored or they have telephoned for the ambulance. Well, he scored 25 tries for Newport in 1924-25, and 24 last season, and in one match—against Penarth in 1922—he scored six times. So one supposes the Leeds "Directors" imagine they have got a goodish investment—and business is business, my boy, isn't it?

When a club-mate of Andrews, E. Dowdall, fell a victim to the blandishments of Wigan last June the temptation was simply overpowering. For, in addition to providing him with a post, the Wigan directorate also found a position for his *fiancée*, a school teacher, at an increased salary. W-e-ll, I mean to say, there is a limit to human resistance, isn't there? . . .

The Coop

UNFORTUNATE that London this year, on St. George's Day, too, when the pulse beats imperially, or is supposed to, will not have the "Coop Tie, aye," flavour about it. There will be something missing from the streets on Saturday, inasmuch as the followers of one of the teams, Cardiff City, say "Now look you whattefer," and those of the other, the Arsenal, say merely "Not 'arf—give yer *my* word," and we hear that every day. And yet I suppose we shall meet in Piccadilly, between 10 and 11 a.m., a host of gallant gentlemen, rosetted and cup-tie-capped, strolling about in knots of three and four, looking rather tired and rather bored, preparatory to their assault upon Wembley.

Apart from the merits or demerits of the professional Association game, any games player who has never seen a Cup Final should do so *once* before he dies. The mental atmosphere before the game reminds me of nothing so much as the suppressed power contained in an enormous electric transformer station. The excitement during the match churns you all up inside—though you may not care tuppence who wins—by reason of the agony, jubilation, fears, and tension endured by those banked-up tiers of strained faces all round and about you. And the consummate skill shown by the players themselves, the vast organisation of the massed assembly, the enormous amount of money involved in the result—all these things contain an experience which is quite unique and terribly exciting. But if you do not like the very close proximity of your vociferous fellow-men, don't go!

Hoch Hockey!

THE big feature of the Folkestone hockey festival this Easter was the invasion by the German clubs, whom we had not seen since 1913. The four brightest and best came over—the Uhlenhorster (a sort of M.C.C. of German clubs), Leipzig, Deutcher, and Frankfort. Also the Grasshoppers from Zurich, the leading Swiss club. Besides these there were a Dutch

THE PERSONAL NOTE IN THE CUP FINAL

Our artist's impressions of the twenty-two players, in characteristic attitudes, who—barring accidents—will join battle for the F.A. Cup at Wembley on Saturday. The presence of a London team in the Final should assure a vast attendance

side, two French sides, and one Belgian. Also a French ladies' eleven—" Les Jeunes Filles de Woking "—why " Woking " I am not clear.

Folkestone seems to have made a corner in hockey. They have got a ground that cost £65,000, whereon four matches can be played simultaneously. Recognising what they described as " the supreme importance " of the social side of the festival, I'm dashed if the Corporation didn't go and vote £100 towards the entertainment expenses. They must be rich, too! However, as " The Bucchanalians " had a side out, one presumes they lived up to their nomenclature and that this hundred quid did not go too far. Moreover, the Royal Marines were there, and the Buccaneers, so everything, naturally, was very merry and very bright at night.

Machines, Not Men

REALLY, these golf pros. are the something limit. I had a very bad couple of rounds at Roehampton a week or two ago—got all bottled up, don't you know, amongst the polo boards, and on the wrong side of fences and trees, which you can do quite easily without practice at Roehampton. And a few days afterwards my (rich) opponent said to me, " Come and see how the pros. do it, ol' man." And we went! There was Abe Mitchell playing shots backwards from the hazards of the polo boards (I had never thought of that), chipping the ball on to the green therefrom. There was Ernest Whitcombe coming in with an absolutely uncanny 67—the record for the course, if you please, being 66, by George Gadd and Arthur Havers—which he described as " bread and butter golf." " You hit your drive," he said, " put the second on the green, and hole the putt." The first eighteen players were home with scores each below 73, and the first twenty-eight each below 75. Only five of these supermen out of sixty-five starters took 80 or over! PENDARVES.

BOY MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

STATISTICS inform us that divorce is on the increase. This co-respondence must now cease.

. . . . . .

By his will a Scotsman has cut off his eldest boy with the traditional saxpence. That would seem to be a total eclipse of the son.

. . . . . .

A MAN who recently died was found to be the possessor of five hundred shirts. It is said that he never put one of them on a horse in his life.

. . . . . .

A LAW journal says that judges who indulge in judicial humour are a nuisance. Yet they are just the little things who are sent to try us!

. . . . .

"WHY not," asks a correspondent, "revive the office of the Court Fool?" Surely royalty can be trusted to keep their wits about them.

. . . . .

ONE of the leading agitators in Shanghai was formerly a barber. We wonder whether he was a member of the tribe of Sham-Poohs.

. . . . .

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Miss Margaret Bannerman.)

They call you "Bunny" in their pleasant way,
Although I don't know how they got the habit,
And yet at acting, I am pleased to say,
You aren't a "rabbit"!

. . . . .

A WRITER propounds the following problem:—"Can a man love two women at the same time?" We should say certainly not if one of them finds it out.

A FIRE broke out at a Devonshire farm last week. The contents of milk-cans were poured upon it, and it is pleasant to learn that the water put it out.

. . . . . .

A FRENCHMAN is stated to have eaten his last will and testament. We should imagine that his wife forced him to eat his words.

. . . . . .

"I DON'T know whether I can put you in," remarked the billiards player, "but I'm just going to have pot-luck."

. . . . . .

A FILM which revolves around a money-lender is shortly to be released. Certainly one of the sub-titles should be "Dunned to Death!"

. . . . . .

SIX lady swimmers have already notified that they intend to swim this summer from Dover to Calais. We wish they would divert their energies into another channel.

. . . . . .

A CHARMING photo of an actress in the act of hay-making was recently published. In it she seemed to bring the scent of the footlights right over the hay!

AND THAT'S THAT!

Now, Pam (I said), your ways are frankly shocking:
Tell me, for things are getting past a laugh,
Why do you show that large expanse of stocking
Above your fatted calf?

Though you were nurtured in suburbia's by-ways,
Your garish hats too loud a tone display;
How can you dare to flaunt in Brondesbury highways
That gaudy bronze béret?

I fear, alas, that you and all your tribe lack
A proper sense of culture and repose;
Why do you use that meretricious eye-black?
Why powder, Pam, your nose?

Is it because you've never yet been licked in
To shape, you do the deeds that you have done?
Why do you always want a Benedictine,
Whenever I have one?

Why do you jazz like any dervish dancer?
Come, come, I'm waiting a reply from you—
Then in a flash came Pamela's pert answer,
"Because you like me to!"

. . . . . .

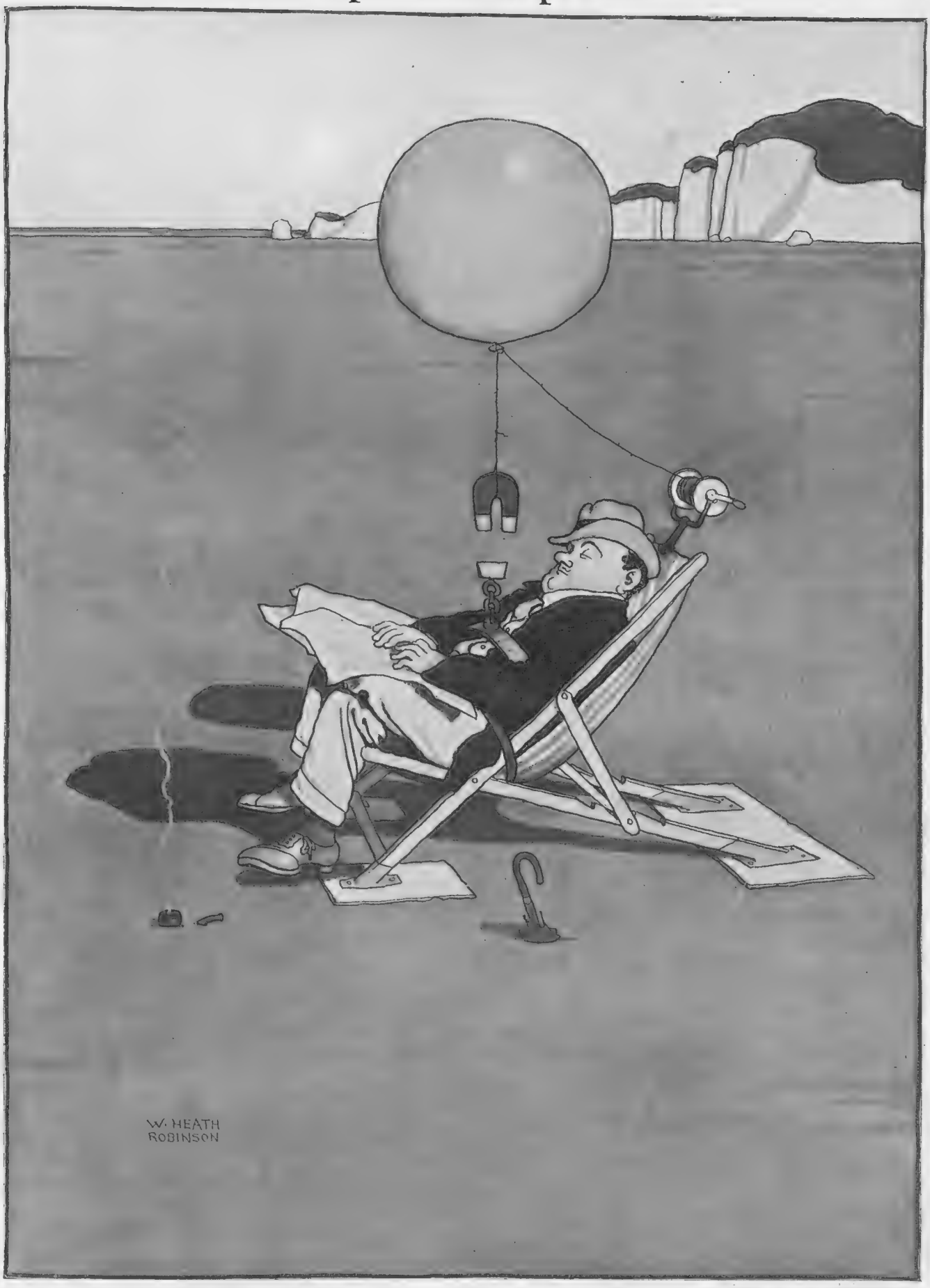
TO-DAY'S imperishable reflection:—If only the whisky the barmaid sells us were half as mature as she is!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

A LITTLE OFF-COLOUR

THE HIGH ART MOTHER: "Picture it, my dear, scarlet fever of all things! And I've just had his nursery decorated in blue and gold!"

Kept in Suspense



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The New Magnetic Quicksand Deck Chair, a simple but reliable invention which enables one to sit on the most treacherous sands with perfect immunity

"A Book of Verse beneath a Bough"

Miss Compton Collier

THE HON. MRS. ROBSON

Photographed in the beautiful grounds of Hales Place, her Kentish home at Tenterden. Before her marriage in 1920 to Major John Snowdon Robson, R.F.A. (Special Reserve), she was the Hon. Diana Robson, youngest of the three daughters of the late Lord Robson

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"Performing dancings, ejaculing war-cries and singing native folk-lores"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

I have been moved to almost gush tears of gratifications and thanks at the so enormous public excitements which lastly weeks extractions from my diary have caused to provoke in countless ¼s. Only not so long ago as 2 or 3 days before last, I received the as follows telegram by wire from Hon. Sir S—— B——. "Kindly to inform per telegraphic return if you were killed by Umboboes, or succeeded to remain alive." To this and the 1,000s of kind inquirings from the highest Upper 10s to the lowest Lower 10s, I beg to confidently assure same that I did not suffer to be killed when encaptured and carried into the Nubian jungle. Not any the less, it causes to swell 1's heart with happy anguish to think the fate of this so humble and significantless *literati* has caused such noble anxieties in 10s of 1,000s of loyal British bosoms.

I shall now continue to produce you some further extractions from the diary of my epochal explorings in the country of the Umboboes which has not ever been discovered before. This are frightfully exclusive to Hon. Bystander "which are to be congratuled on succeeding to secure this so parallelless record of explorings by 1 whose brilliant genius and exhaustless grits merit him to receive the most lucrative rewardings we can suffice to bestow." (*Vide* "The Quarterly Herbalist.")

Feb. 12st. (p.m) More pale as a spectrum, I quailishly watched the Umboboes digging holes in the solid gold-dust which I imagined to suppose I was to be plunged alive in. But to my enormous astonishments saidly Umboboes, when finished, plunged themselves in the holes and rolled in same like as chickens in dust puddles. This, I later on succeeded to learn, was the Umboboe way of enjoying a washing-bath because the rivers of this so strange land are entirely waterless. It also explained to show why the skins of these ferocious barbarics looked to be made of solid gold.

When they had finish their *oof* bathings (*oof* Umboboe for earth), our savage capturers sat down to eat their refreshments. This consisted to be a blackish food secured from a tree, the *arboris caviar* which grows very profusishly in these parts and very fishy to the taste. As there are not any water in the country, the natives have to imbibe a yellowish fluid call *bubblae* which guggles from springs in the ground and causes to produce severeish enlargements of the head if lavishly swallowed by non-inured persons, producing also 2nd and even more sights. It are very noteworthy fact that when the Umboboes go to war, they cause spies and other nefarious persons to distribute this *bubblae* among the enemy, pretending it are good medicine. The enemies drink same with joyish gustoes and in less as a very short time it causes them to see 4 or 6 Umboboes to every 1, so that they fly in terror from what looks to appear a very enormous army. (This are very goodish tipping for Hon. British War Office. By shooting *bubblae* shells at enemy persons, same would suffer to see 3 or 5 times to 1 and promptishly beat their retreats or implore for mercy. For patent rights of this so awful weapon, apply Y.H. C/o Hon. Bystander.)

"I behelt, riding on a white elephant and surround by frightfully savage war-persons, the so awful Chief of the Umboboe Indians"

Having finished our refreshings, we 1-ce more

started on our march to Nupopo, the so mysterious city of the Umboboes. Some of our savage arresters had grown to become very merry and gay, performing dancings, ejaculing war-cries and singing native folk-lores. I have succeed to translate 1 of these into the British tongue :—

Another or even 2 or 3 more smallish imbibings Shall not produce for us any non-jurious effects.

At lastly we arrived to the banks of the Impopo, the largest river in this uniqueish land. It are quite waterless and consists to be a nut-brownish liquid which the Umboboes call *forale* and use in largish quantities for a medicine tonic because it has a bitterish flavour and are very good for the thirst, but not for bathings or ablutings. On the banks of this saidly river, I noticed to observe innumerous bright stones, some so small as a pea, others so large as a common lump of English coal. Picking 1 up, impicture my astonishments to discover it was a 100% carrot *diamond!* Here, more far as the eye could roam, were diamonds more common as pebbles at a seaside or other marine spot—more as 100s of 1,000s of £s worth! When I requeshed 1 of the savages to kindly inform what the Umboboes did with these, he responsed they were not any use at all exceptly for aiming at birds or other wild fowls to kill them with.

At lastly we arrived to the city of Nupopo which at 1-st sight produced me severeish disappointments because of consisting to be only smallish abodes like as impoverish persons live in at 5/- or 7/6 per weekly. Then I looked to see more close and experienced a frightful shock to discover that the bricks were made entirely of ivory! This, I succeeded to learn later, are because there are not any straw in the country to make bricks with, but a very enormous ivory mine which are dug by slaves and persons who non-pay their income taxings.

So soonly as we arrived the population, composed of entirely men, femns and infantines, encirculated around us, ejaculing non-welcome sounds and poking us with sticks like as if we were Xtmas pigs or other morcels.

Then all of a suddenly I observed to see 3 extremely tremendous pots more big as a 100 gallons being filled with oil, while other barbarics were lighting fires under same with ejacules of fiendish glee.

O how awful it are, I bemoaned, to think that a brilliant *literati* and *entourage* are destinied to be boiled alive just to make an Umboboe holiday!

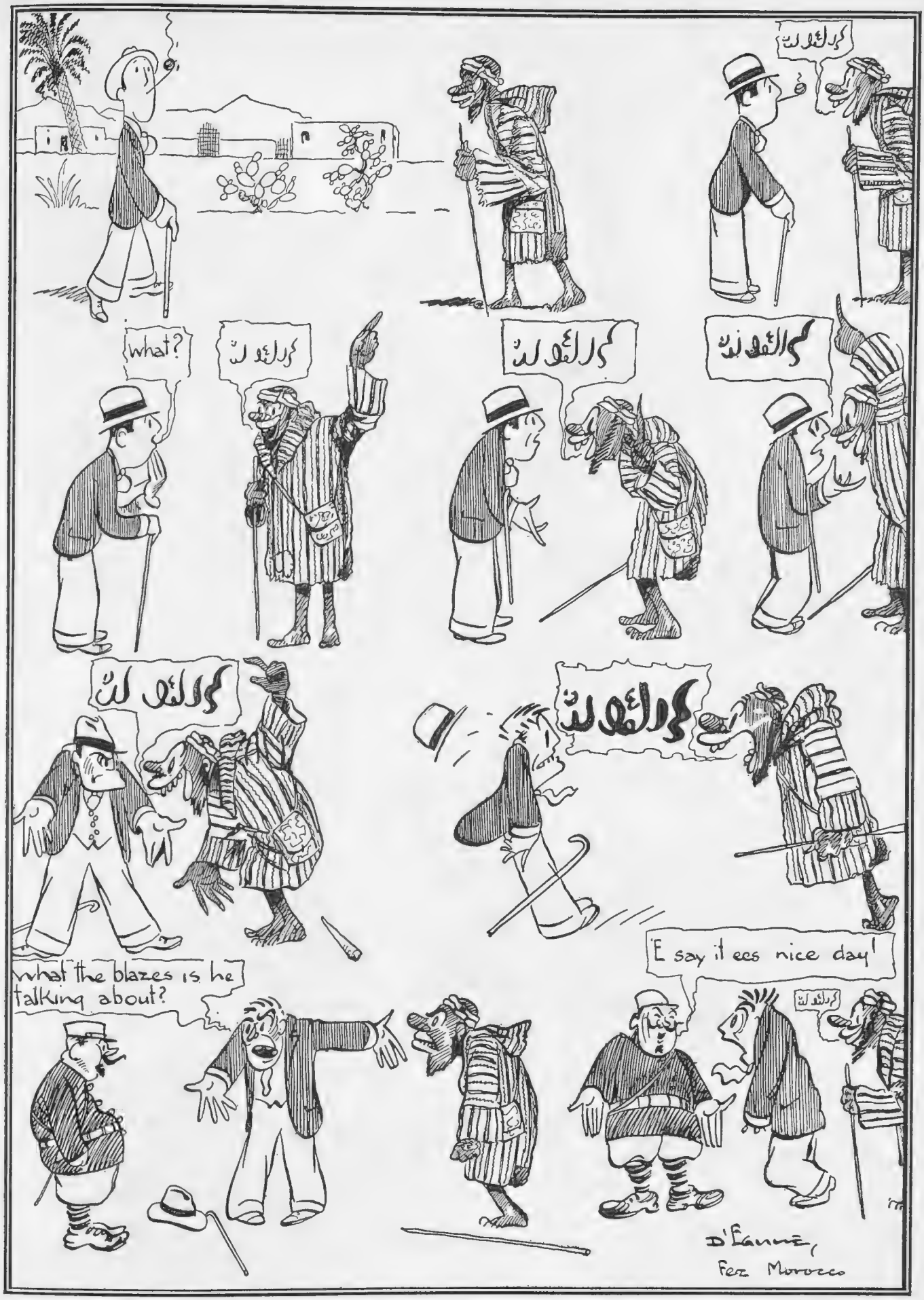
"O how awful it are, I bemoaned, to think that a brilliant *literati* and *entourage* are destinied to be boiled alive just to make an Umboboe holiday!"

And then, more louder as the crackles of the fire, came the sound of the tum-t u m s. The barbarics immediately dropped on their faces and I behelt, riding on a white elephant and surround by frightfully savage war-persons, the so awful Chief of the Umboboe Indians. (Do not miss to see the nextly so blood-curdlish extractions from my diary.)

YOGO HAMA.

VERY "PERSONAL"! BY FRANK R. GREY

DEAR OLD SOUL (*having read American efficiency slogan on wall*): "Now, John, I should like you to show me which is the Miss Merry who is such a shining example to the staff"



BY D'EGVILLE

"SONGS OF ARABY"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"La Danse Sacrée"

Mes Amis,

Le bleu se porte beaucoup, I had learned from the qualified organs in searching for information as to the fashionable colour for the season. But since then I have been to the new *revue* at the Folies-Bergère, and the dictum of M. Louis Lemarchand, the presiding genius there, is *Le nu se porte beaucoup.* The nude is triumphant. Blue, along with all the other colours, comes a very bad thirteenth. (In order not to place a strain on those who are mathematically inclined, and might want to work this out, I must mention that it is accepted in Paris that there are twelve shades of the nude.)

For long it has been held by the critics that there could not be less of a *revue* in the Folies-Bergère productions, but once again these unfortunate pundits have been proved to be wrong. There *has* been a reduction of the *revue* element. All the sketches have been cut out. After the experience of the critics I would not take the risk of saying that further reduction of the *revue* "souvenirs" is impossible, but I really cannot see where it can be made. The Folies-Bergère show has become just a spectacle with a little dancing—some of it very good, a little singing, and, *surprise des surprises,* an excellent pianoforte number, which so astonishes the audiences by its unexpectedness that they forget the due meed of applause.

Everyone is bound to admit that M. Lemarchand is beyond challenge in Paris in the staging of gorgeous spectacular scenes—shimmering gold and silver, glinting jewels, the audacious mixing of bold colours into perfect harmony, supplemented with a luxury of robes, shawls and uniforms that would make Aladdin's Cave look like an almshouse in comparative poverty—and yet one feels that he has gone wrong on this occasion. It is obvious, of course, that he has worked on the calculation that, as by far the greater proportion of the patrons of the Folies-Bergère are foreigners without knowledge of French, it is advisable to give them something they can understand with their eyes; but he has pushed it to such an extreme that there arises the *ennui* which always develops with an excess of sameness, and, for the first time, one feels an eagerness to arrive at the end of the sequence of dazzle-pictures.

It always comes down to a matter of personal taste to make a comparative selection among such an array of richly-decorated tableaux, but I think many people will agree with the choice for premier ranking of the group of four which constitutes *Le Monde en prière,* particularly the one in which, the arms of the *figurantes* suddenly closing, is created an impression of a mosque, so beautiful in conception that it compels the spontaneous applause of the surprised onlookers. Wonderfully effective, too, is the prow of a fine old galleon in which the figureheads, of generous number, are formed of *demoiselles* of equal generosity in the display of their lines.

Of the *artistes* who relieve the sequence of the transformation scenes, Miss Josephine Baker, the dusky *fantaisiste,* is nominally the "star," but the Josephine of the *revue* is too much of a repetition of the Josephine of the last. It is a pity that nobody has devised anything new for her, for even if she has no originality of ideas, which I should doubt, she has an originality of treatment which she could easily have exercised had someone provided her with material. When, for example, she gives an imitation of Higgins, the comedian of the Whitehall - gate mouth, she is the perfect entertainer.

Josephine Baker

But the finest individual success is that of Jack Stanford, the indiarubber dancer, who exceeds in drollery all the dancers who have been seen on the Folies-Bergère stage for the last three years. Stanford can do the

(*Continued on page* 114)

In the Limelight

G.P.A.

MLLE. YVONNE VALLIE

Who, with the famous Maurice Chevalier, will come over from Paris to play in Lew Leslie's "Whitebirds." This show, which is to be presented at His Majesty's Theatre in May, promises to be an extraordinarily spectacular and costly production

pat-parade as well as Chaplin himself, and I imagine there can be no higher compliment. Unfortunately for him the programme is so crowded that he can never accord the encore which is unfailingly demanded. Of the other dancers I prefer the trio—Mme. Komarova, Skibine and Gretchikine—in *La danse sacrée,* but one must also say a word for the Tiller Girls, who, in addition to being as machine-perfect as usual, have been accorded one or two novelties with dulcimers and chair-stepping which are quite delightful.

THERE is also an amusing diversion by Carol, who, in the guise of the fireman on duty at the Folies-Bergère, becomes so obsessed by the number of people he sees in the nude that he visions every person he meets as a pretty girl in a similar condition of undress, and runs into a quantity of bother in consequence, piquant situations being contrived through trick film-work. Incidentally, this leads one to realise that M. Lemarchand, the producer of the *revue,* must have discovered the one person in Paris who can sew on buttons and hooks that stick on. In the case of many of the playing-card sized "frocks" security must often depend on a thread, and yet, however vigorous the contortions of the wearer, nothing calamitous ever happens from thread-snapping. What a seamstress!

"Becomes so obsessed by the number of people he sees in the nude"

"Le nu se porte beaucoup"

TOURISTS who visit Paris in springtime generally like a lot of contrast in their theatrical experiences, and the Grand-Guignol has obligingly provided them with a new programme which is the perfect extreme from those offered by the favourite music-halls. They will be able to scream, cry or shiver to their hearts' content; while, alternating between the "thrillers," are the usual light "reliefs."

FIRST place among the "shockers" is given to *L'Auberge du Cheval Blanc.* Travellers arriving there would have to be very tired or they would pass on after learning that every week a servant dies suddenly and mysteriously. One strange traveller, however, remains, and is naturally under the suspicion of the frightened innkeeper and his wife.

THE stranger is observed gliding out and is immediately seized by the police, but he confidently explains that he is a famous detective who has come to elucidate the mystery, the secret of which is that the innkeeper's wife is a somnambulist who commits the murders in her sleep. It seems convincing, but a shrewd neighbour sets out to unmask the stranger, who turns out to have the gift of hypnotism. He has been after the innkeeper's hidden fortune, and has needed to suppress the various servants who have caught him rummaging about

IN the other thriller, *Le Navire Aveugle,* the ship, having lost all power of motion, is adrift in an open sea which is leagues away from the trade routes, while the men are afflicted with a malady which is sending them blind. It sounds very frightful. Yet it does not quite "take" on reflection. In these days Parisians want a certificate attesting the existence of a malady which can send a whole crew blind.

RENÉ.

BY BRUNELLESCHI

THE TOILETTE OF THE ROSE

BY W. S. HUTTON

READY FOR REHEARSAL

"No Gentleman" at St. Martin's

Produced March 8, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

This is a personal triumph for Miss Athene Seyler, whose extremely feminine lady in this production is a sheer delight. The play opens in a third-class smoking compartment on the railway. A note on the programme returns thanks to a leading railway company for its help in building up the scenery, and there are one or two homely touches that make it clear that the arrangements have been superintended by One Who Knows. There is to begin with the typical modern railway official who mistakes bad manners for evidence of social superiority. Jeremy Dalriven has just got rid of the abrupt ticket collector, and is settling down comfortably with his pipe, when another very typical railway incident occurs. A lady dashes into the compartment at the last moment, and at once begins to object to the smell of tobacco. All travellers by rail know that delightful lady.

The lady then complains that she has inadvertently got into a third-class carriage, when she is so obviously a first-class passenger. This is a bit of realism drawn from life. I am for my sins the holder of a first-class season ticket on the railway; but I have frequently to travel third class because all the "Firsts" are for the moment being used by third-class ticket holders, so that the dear lady is no worse off than most of us. Jeremy Dalriven at first takes no notice of the intruder beyond an obvious effort to suppress the longing to bark and bite which we all exert when our smoke-screen is invaded by an inconsiderate lady. The lady in this case does not like Jeremy's pipe, and after a good deal of coughing and gasping, with a casual remark addressed to nobody in particular thrown in, she tackles Jeremy personally so that he has no alternative but to put his pipe away with, as the poet put it, curses not loud but deep. I have often thought that smokers will stand in well with Gabriel at the finish by way of compensation for this frequent visitation of irresponsible feminity.

At the first stop on the journey the lady jumps out in order to reach her first-class carriage. She is doubtless surprised to find that the train will not await her convenience, but is whistled off before she has found a place to suit her. She is therefore left behind, and is compelled to finish her journey by taxi-cab. Thus we get to the Second Act, which takes place in the living-room of a cottage in Sussex, where the characters begin to sort themselves out. We find that the lady in the train is named Monica, and the cottage is the week-end resort of her trustee. It seems that she is a widow, and that her late husband left her five thousand a year on condition that she did not marry again. As Monica lives in Corsica for choice she is obliged to make the journey to England once a year in order to sign an attested statement to the effect that she has not remarried.

When Jeremy Dalriven (Mr. Owen Nares) turns up at the cottage, he is the nephew of Monica's late husband, and it is he who will inherit the five thousand a year if Monica should marry again. The bickering that began in the train is therefore joyfully resumed in this scene. Jeremy does not like Monica, and she is not particularly drawn towards him. But then Jeremy does not matter. All that Monica wants to do is to sign her

(Continued on page 120)

"ACADEMY

BY WILMOT LUNT

SUNDAY"

annual declaration and get away and forget that such a creature as Jeremy exists. Jeremy is invited by the trustee to witness Monica's signature, but this he will not do until he has had the declaration read to him, which is hardly a witness's privilege and (if he will excuse my mentioning it) is not done.

MARITA HUNT
AS EVELINE HERVEY
MARCUS BARRON
AS CHARLES HERVEY

MONICA having made the necessary declaration that she is still her late husband's widow, the incident is closed. But Jeremy is not quite so sure about it. Monica is clearly one of those ladies who have no respect whatever for the rights of others, and he remembers that in the train she regretted that her husband was not present to keep him in order. She may have been referring to her late husband; but to Jeremy's knowledge, his uncle was such a weed of a man that it would have been cruelty to animals to push him up against any sort of a fighter. So Jeremy spends something like his last sixpence in making the journey to Corsica, where he finds that Monica's palatial establishment includes a gentleman of Russian nationality whose presence is not to be accounted for by the ordinary rules of social behaviour. In short, Monica has either married again, in spite of her sworn testimony to the contrary, or she is living in what is commonly known as a state of sin.

MONICA is a little surprised to find Jeremy on the premises, and she has to make up her falsehoods on the spur of the moment, as she cannot, of course, think of giving up the money because she wants it for herself. She begins by declaring brazenly that she is living under the Russian gentleman's protection. But the Russian gentleman claims to be Monica's loving husband, and incidentally admits that a baby has arrived to bless their union. When he learns from Monica that Jeremy has come with very convincing evidence to prove his claim to the five thousand a year, his first and most natural instinct is to brain the fellow on the spot. After all, you don't live in Corsica for nothing. When Jeremy imprudently insists that Monica is cheating him out of his reversion, the Russian gentleman's course is obvious. He socks Jeremy a wunner on the lower mandible, and Jeremy goes down and fails to rise to the count. And so the play proceeds to the inevitable compromise.

ALL this while, Monica has, with delightful inconsequence, insisted on her right to keep the money. To begin with she wants nice things, and how can you buy them if you haven't the money? So absurd for Jeremy to talk as he does! And then again she *earned* the five thousand a year by living for ten years with the worst husband on earth, so that, whatever the silly law may say, she is going to retain her valued inheritance. It is not her fault if she has to go to England once a year and commit perjury in order to retain her just rights. This typically feminine attitude of being necessarily above the mere law is delightfully represented by Miss Seyler with the characteristic humour that makes the absurdity so enjoyable.

JINGLE.

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AND
ATHENE SEYLER

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LONDON LOUNGERS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT *Illustration by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

No. VI LIMPETS

THEY are usually found clinging to the rich, over whom the tide of London flows. And it is remarkable how all-embracing the old gentlemen are who write scientifically and at great length about limpets, when they say :—" It is noteworthy that the limpets show a certain local memory, for they return after a short journey to their old resting-places, which, after prolonged usage, may be marked by distinct depressions. . . . Limpets are occasionally used for food, but oftener for bait."

The return of memory is carried out with a show of frankness and a charm that is very disarming and attractive to the unwary feminine fisher of folk. Mrs. Hunter-Tufte has, we will suppose, and it is not an unlikely supposition, suddenly arrived upon London. Whence nobody inquires. (" I believe he made his money in South Africa, my dear, I'm not sure—but it doesn't matter, one never sees *him*. It wouldn't have been a *bad* party if the Bubbly hadn't been so disgustingly sweet. . . .") Upon the late nocturnal party side of London, interchanged with hen lunches of enormous proportions at Haridges, has Mrs. Hunter-Tufte planted herself firmly.

A Limpet, all his tentacles poised expectantly, is introduced by his request at a cocktail party to Mrs. H.-T., who has had two and is reverting rapidly to type. Conversation follows somewhat on these lines :—" No need really for me to be introduced to you, Mrs. Hunter-Tufte. I had the exquisite pleasure of dancing with you (*a lie*) at the Swashbucklers' Ball last week. You don't remember, of course, but I do. I was awfully struck, incidentally, with that black and silver frock you were wearing; most original I thought. May I take this pew? (*Whispers*) Some foul people here, aren't there? "

Mrs. H.-T., perking up (" exquisite pleasure " . . . " he noticed my frock. I rather like this man.") " Yes, aren't there? Well; the frock *ought* to have been original at forty guineas—a Paris model, of course. But how clever of you to remember every woman's frock—you who go everywhere, I'm sure."

" Everywhere possibly; *every* woman's frock, no. Well, I'm for another of these poisonous cocktails. Are you? "

She is. And he is straightway asked to lunch to-morrow. " Quite a small informal affair. *Do* come, won't you? It will be such a relief to have an intelligent man."

He goes, naturally. Good egg to be seen at the Berkeley as often as possible. And he sits down with ten other limpets, all of whom, having dined and supped and re-supped the night before at other people's expense, affirm that they " feel absolutely like death."

After which, for quite an appreciable time, the limpet clings tight to the Hunter-Tufte rock. For there are lunches and dinners and other people's dances. (" Do bring a party, dear Mrs. Tufte; the tickets are only two guineas, and I *know* how charitable you are, and the Prince is coming, and that reptile of a woman, Winnie Waledown, is abroad, thank heavens! so you won't be bothered with her, and I'll have another olive if I may . . .''), and glamour and gastronomy and perpetual gala—gratis.

She is oblivious during the first few reels of her *succès fantastique* that there are such things as limpets in her entourage, male or female, and tells everyone what " wonderful friends " she has. Our Limpet is very useful to her, not only as an escort at theatres and places where people can see and be seen (and heard), but particularly as enabling her to entice the woman to come with whom she wants to be seen in public. (" I've got a most *attractive* man ear-marked for you, dear, on Thursday. Divine dancer, too.")

The truth begins to envelop her mind eventually like a wet sheet. Remarks and stories begin to come home to roost. A kind friend, who would not hurt her feelings for worlds, repeats with deep concern and manifest disgust (" but I feel you ought to know—it's such a shame ") the gist of the contemptuous hilarity at the next table to hers at the " Sycophants " last night. Which was that if anyone wanted a free meal and some of the " real stuff " with the coffee, the Buckinghamshire House flat was the place to get it. That " Abandon The Host All Ye Who Enter Here " should be written over the doorway; and that Monty Makepace (the limpet) had a season ticket, and admitted it with gusto. . . .

She begins to see that she is merely a means to an end; has, indeed, no end

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

nor beginning of her own at all. That she is literally barnacled with limpets of both sexes; and that if she scrapes them off ruthlessly there will be no rock left on which to poise herself. That her last state is then likely to be worse than her first. And that London is in reality a flat waste for such as she, with no pinnacles to climb worth the climbing. Then, generally, she disappears for a spell, to a villa at Cannes or a trip to California (" my doctor insists "). The limpets say " That's that." Proceed to fasten their suckers on some other victim and to forget her in a month.

Limpets vary in the methods of their marauding. Some lavish hostesses are, people say, but limpets of a sort themselves. There was one not so long ago, there still is no doubt, whose poker parties were as crowded as they were cosmopolitan; especially those " for a charity," whereat the " kitty " was replenished periodically and fruitfully " for the blind," or the halt or the maimed, as the pitiable case might be; and the players were replenished with the choicest vintages and sugar and spice and all things nice. One day a rich stranger from afar entered those hospitable gates and played and lost and played again—and then became merely bored, as rich men will. So he rose and strolled about the charitable rooms and watched and wondered. In a corner he came upon his hostess. She was pouring libations for the blind from one of the several " kitties " into a huge Chinese bowl, already three parts full, which stood on a very grand piano.

" By Jove! " remarked the inconsequent unknown, " your charitable fund seems to be doing pretty well this afternoon. I congratulate you. There ought to be a nice fat sum to pay into the bank to-morrow, what? "

" Y-e-s," replied the busy woman incautiously, " but it won't be as much as it looks. All one's expenses have got to be paid out of it *first*, of course."

They had told him, rightly, that her income was gilt-edged and great, and the stranger, momentarily losing control, replied with deep scorn:

" I *see*. On the principle, I suppose, that charity begins at home? "

And with that he went away.

He was not asked again.

These disgustingly frank people never are. E. P. L.-B.

Lenare

UP IN ARMS

Devina looks on life from an unusual angle whilst dancing with her partner, Charles. They are appearing at the Casino, Cannes, and also at Monte Carlo

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Follow Them, as Culled by the Camera

LEAVING FOR ATHENS

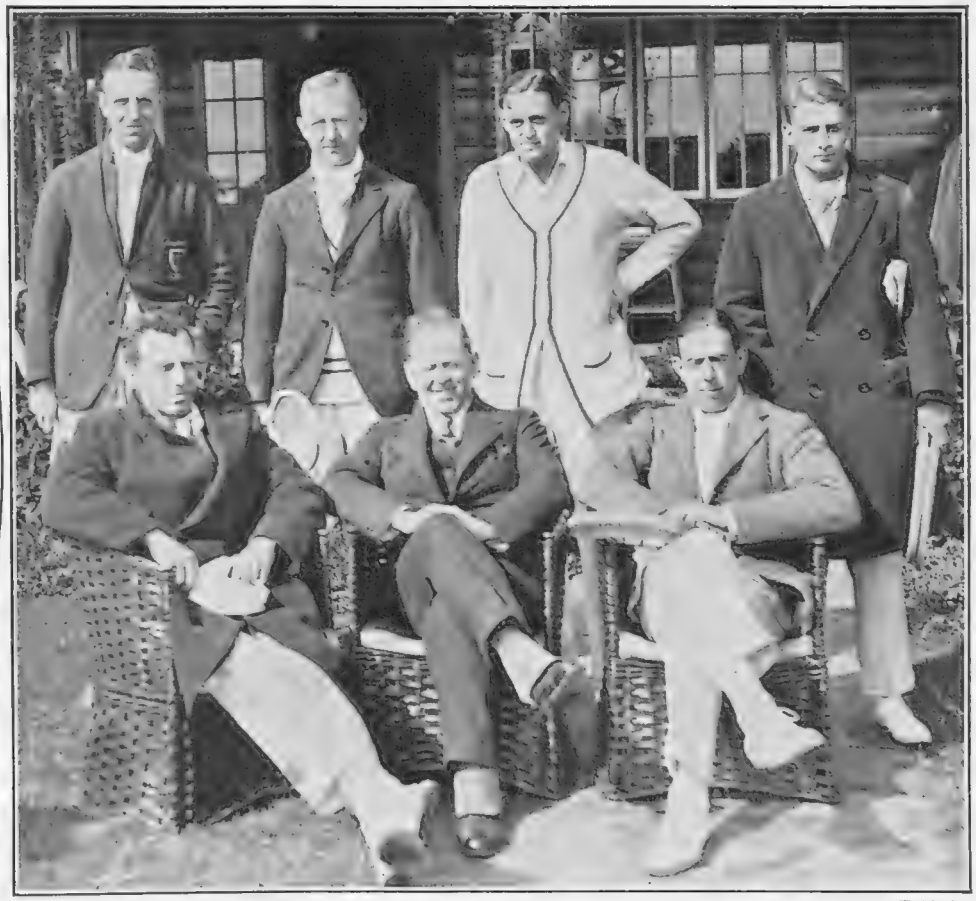
Topical

Members of the British Olympic Team photographed at Victoria on their way to Greece, where they are to compete in athletic contests at Athens. The team includes D. G. A. Lowe, as captain, G. C. Newman, President of the O.U.A.C., and Lord Burghley, the Cambridge President

Sport and General

THE LUCK OF THE RIVER

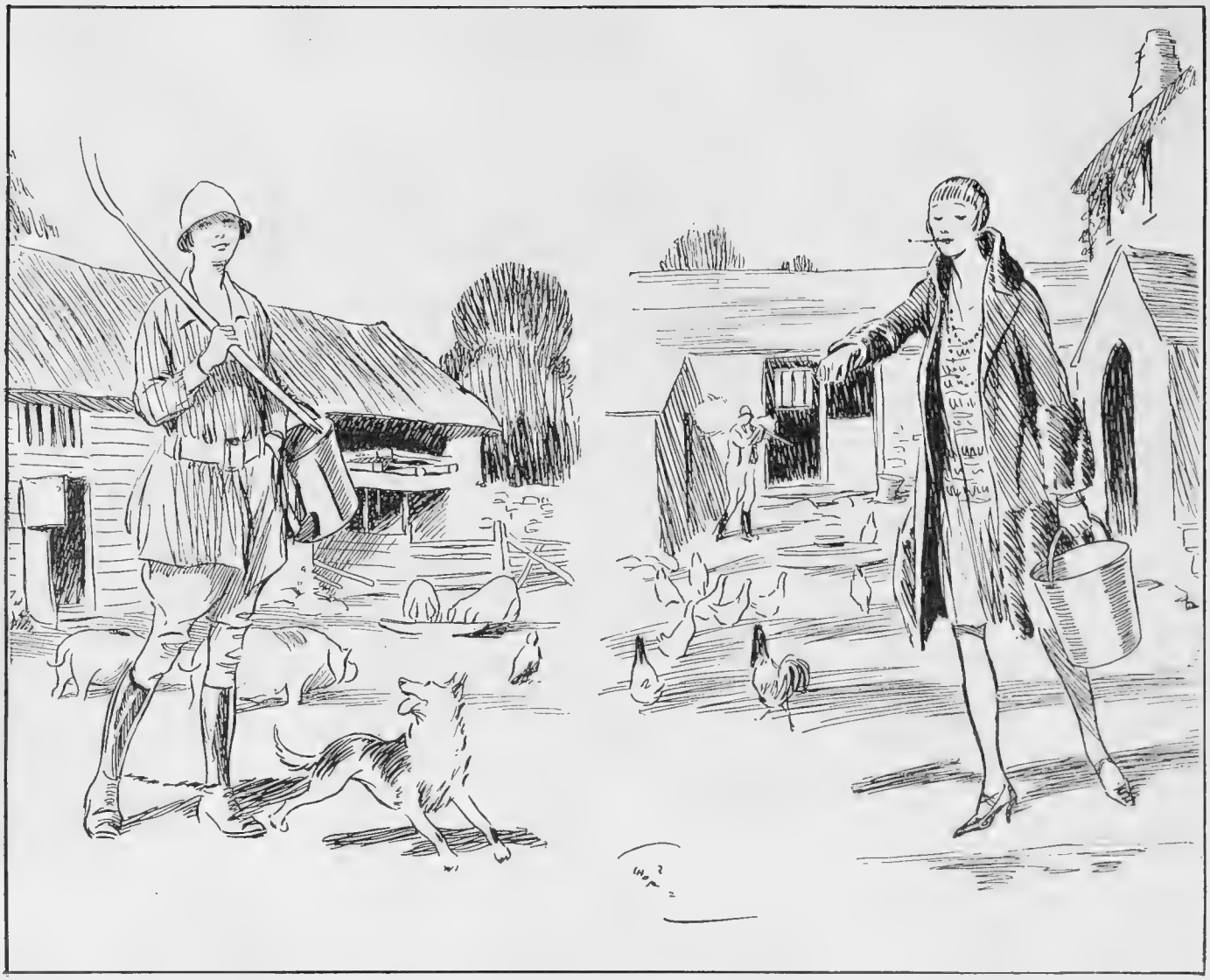
Lord Buckland photographed with two remarkably fine salmon which he caught in the River Usk near Buckland, his seat at Bwlch. They weighed 44 lbs. and 17½ lbs.



Topical

THE WINNING TEAM

The Surrey team which won the All-England Inter-County Hard Court Tennis Championship at Harrogate. The photograph shows, standing: C. G. Eames (left), L. W. Alderson, D. M. Greig, and H. W. Austin, and, sitting, S. M. Jacob (left), C. A. Sedgwick (captain), and J. B. Gilbert



1917 1927 By Thorpe

THE LANDGIRL—A RELAPSE

The Man With the Blue Eyes

By JOHN BOSTOCK

He attracted me from the moment he entered the room. I watched him thread his way through the crowded restaurant and select a table beneath the window.

A captain of men this, I thought, as I studied his strong features. The restless, smiling blue eyes were combing the room. I could imagine them gleaming with the light of battle, hard as granite at some injustice or cruelty, or blazing with righteous indignation at an unchivalrous deed.

This man fascinated me with his devil-may-care eyes, virile, sun-tanned features, and the easy grace of a cavalier. Such men as this have made Britain the power it is to-day. On land and sea, all the world over, they have fought and bled for England's glory, dying as they had lived, with a smile on their faces, and a curse on their lips. Under scorching tropical skies, through the fever-striken swamps and jungles of the East, facing the icy blasts of the Polar regions, they have blazed a trail.

I glanced across at him. He was loading a short briar pipe with some dark, strong-looking mixture. I nodded approvingly. Such a man as this would smoke a pipe.

I saw him, in my mind's eye, on the poop of a Viking galley, his flaxen hair streaming in the breeze, gazing with those fearless blue eyes at England's approaching shore. . . Saw him, as the vessel grounded, leap on to the sand with a savage war-cry, wielding his two-edged sword with terrible effect. Again, I saw him at Agincourt, mounted and clad in armour, hacking his way through the demoralised ranks of Genoese bowmen. Amidst the smoke and fire of Trafalgar I discerned his tall, gallant figure, urging on his men to greater deeds of courage and valour . . . and so on through the chain of glorious memories of England's triumphs on land and sea.

I was awakened from the realms of Romance by a thump on the back, and jumping up, I found myself staring indignantly into the grinning features of Tony Jones, a fellow-scribe.

He jerked a chair up to the table, and began to pass a running fire of caustic comments on the *habitués* of the restaurant.

I saw him nod to someone by the window, and following the direction of his gaze, noted, with a quickening of the pulse, that it was to the man with the blue eyes.

"Who is that man?" I asked; "Do you know him?"

Jones laughed. "Sure I do. He's Gilbert Carruthers, the chief designer of women's gowns at Mantille's, the fashionable dressmakers, you know."

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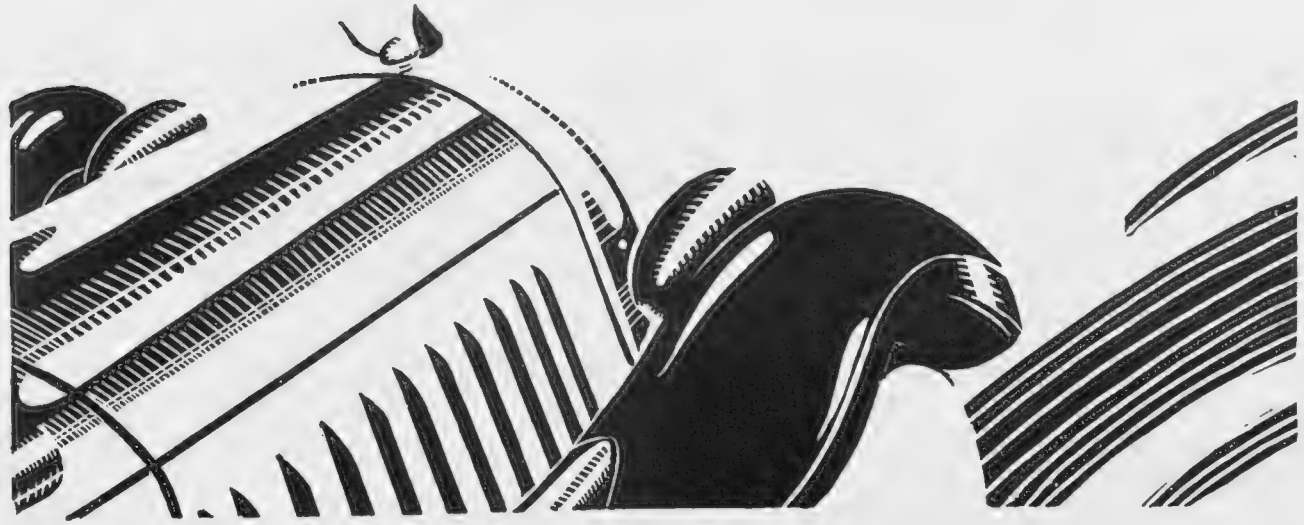

"ROUTS" AND REVELS

By G. E. R. GEDYE *Illustrations by CARL JOSEPH*

"The Dance of the Bad Children"

VIENNA.

VIENNA is pre-eminently the city of contrasts. Modern ferro-concrete blocks jostle venerable baroque palaces in narrow, old-world streets paved with the latest concoction of asphalt. The operetta capital, which is again revelling in its traditional gay musical comedies, all whipped cream and naughtiness, paused on March 26 to honour with all due solemnity the centenary of its great citizen, Beethoven, in a ten-day musical festival. We attend such picturesquely named ceremonies as "Routs," "Redoubts," and masked balls by night, and by day allow ourselves to be swung up in a super-modern cage affair three thousand feet in ten minutes from a frozen, grey valley on to a mountain-top bathed in brilliant sunshine and clad in six feet of snow. Is there any other great capital in the world where the transition from bricks and mortar, from motor-cars and *salons de beauté,* to ski-field, bobsleigh run and snow-crusted pines can be made as quickly as here? In two hours we are transported from the ultra-sophisticated and frivolous Kärntnerstrasse and the austerely beautiful St. Stephen's Cathedral which constitute the heart of Vienna to the Valley of Hell—the Höllental—and from there shot up by the brand-new cable railway in ten minutes to the top of the six thousand feet high Rax Alp. But contrasts lie at the very heart of Vienna, at the very door of the Konzerthaus, where the most crowded and perspiring "Routs" are held, while in its grounds there is skating almost without a break from the beginning of November to the end of March—skating, too, of a quality which reveals that, for all their sophistication, the inhabitants of this city are yet children of their mountains.

The Viennese are often chided with their irresponsibility, but surely only by those who have seen them at their work. Nothing could exceed the sense of responsibility, however, with which the Viennese damsel prepares herself, say, for the great adventure of the evening's "Rout." On the eve of any big affair it is quite impossible to get into a fashionable hairdresser's shop without an appointment. This season's craze for the "Perruque," though to the mere male it might appear calculated to diminish demands on the hairdressers' time, seems only to increase the crowds in their shops. The Watteau wig, it appears, demands the Watteau face, and divers and dreadful machines can be heard by the modest and nervous male from his side of the partition throbbing and shrieking as they pound, press and punch the faces of the fair victims into the requisite shape. Coloured wigs, again, present fresh problems; whether the face must match the wig or the wig the face I have never been able to discover, but indiscreetly raised voices recently revealed to me that the face powder must "go" with both. It seemed—to the admittedly uninitiate—something like an artist's palette is employed for the necessary blending of colours—a process which it took my invisible but vocally definitely charming neighbour exactly forty-five minutes to have completed to her satisfaction.

The season's evening functions themselves vary from the solemnity of affairs like the vast Concordia Ball of the Viennese authors, where thousands of perfectly good Viennese jostle one another from midnight till dawn in the hopeless attempt to find space to do more than walk in the greatest decorum to music, down to the frivolity of the "Bösen Buben Ball," the Dance of the Bad Children, where Vienna's self-proclaimed worst find no difficulty in vying with the most advanced performers of the Quatz' Arts. Vienna finds nothing incongruous in the blending of Charleston, Black Bottom, and the giddy whirl of a Strauss waltz. The only type of dance which never has and never will take root here is the slow waltz, Boston, or whatever the latest infringer of Johann Strauss's patent may call itself. The Waltz Dream City remains ever faithful to the tempo of the master, Strauss, whose dainty bronze figure in the city park is Vienna's counterpart to Peter Pan, and, the very embodiment of Viennese light music, eternally invites passers-by—in the words of the old pantomime song—to

"Seize the nearest girl and put your arm around her waist."

Vienna takes its winter sport with equal seriousness, as the world championship records show, and continues it well into the Spring. If, on the Semmering, Vienna's leading winter sport resort, the exotic-coloured jumpers of the snow and ice worshippers speak of frivolity, the workmanlike and almost sexless blue uniforms predominantly favoured on the Rax Alp by skiers bespeak the Viennese determination to be as seriously businesslike about pleasure as they are pleasant about business. There are many heroes—and heroines, too—who reject with contempt the magic aid of the cable railway with its little cageful of twenty-five persons floating upwards from foot to summit of the mighty Rax Alp, and insist on respecting the right of mountains to be tackled with natural human weapons, making the ascent on foot. But these are mostly true mountain folk—Tyrolese, and others with a native contempt for the valley dweller. Your Viennese usually finds it quite compatible with honour to accept the aid of electric power, with the consoling thought that it is derived from mountain torrents.

A cageful floating from foot to summit of the mighty Rax Alp

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I often hear the new generation, or such small part of it as reads Dickens, complaining of his love of exaggeration. He could hardly describe a table, they say, without a touch of caricature. Well, the new generation has its own ideas, and if it prefers no matter who to the author of *Pickwick*, I have nothing to say. It is a fact, however, that Dickens played puckish tricks with some of his folk, though he rarely played tricks with his *things*. There was small exaggeration in his pictures of prisons or slums, and after reading a new book by Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton—that amiable historian whose work you should follow—I begin to see that even at such times when Dickens appears to be allowing his imagination to run away with him, he is doing nothing of the kind.

Have a look at *Vincent Crummles: His Theatre and His Times* (Wells, Gardner: 42*s.* net), and you will see what I mean. One has heard some queer things about the stage, but could there ever have been such a theatre, in Portsmouth or out, as the one where Mr. Crummles was in command? You have only to read Mr. Harvey Darton on the provincial stage of a century ago—and I can assure you that his knowledge of the subject is as extensive as it is peculiar—to see that so far from indulging in a taste for caricature, in his theatrical pictures Dickens was being a singularly accurate and faithful recorder. The provincial theatre of his time *was* a vastly queer place, and its actors were not at all unlike Mr. Crummles. In any case you should get hold of the book, and when you have read Mr. Darton you will be given the opportunity of renewing your acquaintance with Mr. Crummles himself, for the chapters of *Nickleby* in which he and his family appear are here reprinted in full

❋

I confess that I grow fonder of Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings each time he brings out a new book. He is such very good fun, even when his lucubrations are concerning themselves, as they so often do, with what Mr. Hastings so mistakenly believes to be good food. I like him best, of course, when he is attacking one or other of our most cherished convictions; but I like him, too, when he is wandering round doing nothing in particular and telling us all about it. His range of interests is immense, and there is a gracious tip to his pen.

Ladies Half-Way (Harrap: 6*s.* net) is a joyous collection of essays—an ideal bedside book. Mr. Hastings pokes an inquisitive nose into all sorts of corners, and has no hesitation in saying whatever comes into his head. He attacks Mr. Arnold Bennett in first-rate style; he thinks that we treat the ladies far too well; and he would obviously like to be First Cook at Buckingham Palace. He can joke about the weightiest matters, and be commendably serious about trifles. He is one of our most entertaining essayists, and his new book is just as good as his others.

❋

There is a sad piece of news about Mr. A. A. Thomson, so well known to Bystander readers. It seems that a short while ago this admirable writer migrated with his family to a village in Essex with the express purpose of writing a prose epic of English country life. It was to have been a tremendous affair, calculated to render any further translations from the Russian unnecessary. It was to have been one of those drab, ruthless, hide-nothing tragedies of a kind to astound and horrify every respectable townsman.

And what happened? Mr. Thomson wrote his book, and we have it before us. It is called *Marigold Cottage* (Jenkins: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), and is as light-hearted a frolic as even Mr. Thomson has ever written. It keeps you in chuckles all the time, and leaves you in the best of good tempers. What, then, are we to think? Where is the epileptic for whom we might reasonably have hoped? Where is the degenerate brute who murders a new wife every year? True, there is a cook who leaves her situation to better herself, and a doctor gives tongue to some dreadful pronouncements—but—no matter. Mr. Thomson was born with a joke in his mouth. Here he is at his drollest and best.

❋

Is the winner of a first-novel competition handicapped? Does he feel that, having once allowed his readers to discover what wins a prize, he must follow the rules and go and do likewise for the rest of his days? When Mr. A. G. Thornton won a competition of the kind with his amusing *Astronomer at Large* he appeared in the guise of a humorist, but one felt that he would just as easily have written a story entirely free from farce. There was about his work a suggestion of real powers of observation and more than a hint of potential satire. And he has been wise, in his second venture, to leave astronomers to look after the forthcoming eclipse and come nearer to life as we see it.

That is not to say that *John Comes Home* (Melrose: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a serious or gloomy book. On the contrary, it is as light a comedy as you could wish for, with satire dancing about its pages, and the biggest joke that has found its way into a novel for a very long time. But it has points about it which call for serious regard. It is the simple story of a young man of the suburbs who "gets on," and deservedly so, in spite of one understandable lapse. John Presber will make many friends, and so will his Ann, and their simple story is admirably told.

But there is also one Victor, and Victor wrote such a book as never was and, let us hope, never will be again. Victor's book—John helped him to type it—had no punctuation, and its characters had no names, and it was, I feel convinced, a blood-thirsty affair—but it had a tremendous success, and its appearance on the scene allows Mr. Thornton to show what a first-rate satire he could write if he chose. Without Victor's book *John Comes Home* would be a charming little story; with it, it becomes a joy.

R. S.

By Johnson

MISS PAMELA FRANKAU

A few "lines" about the clever young writer who is living up to the literary traditions of the family. Her first book, "The Marriage of Harlequin," ran into its third edition within a week of its publication

---

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All the pageantry of maritime adventure is to be found in Mr. Rupert Sargent Holland's *Historic Ships*, T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.), 12*s.* 6*d.* net. The chapter headings contain such fascinating titles as Ships of the Ancient World, The Argosies and Pageants of Venice, English Adventurers, Tall East Indiamen, and Buccaneers of the Atlantic Coast. There are also some handsome illustrations in colour by Manning de V. Lee, and the whole combines to make a comprehensive and entertaining "log" of the sea, which should prove attractive reading for admirers of the spirit of endeavour and enterprise in all quarters of the world.

J J THREE STAR WHISKEY

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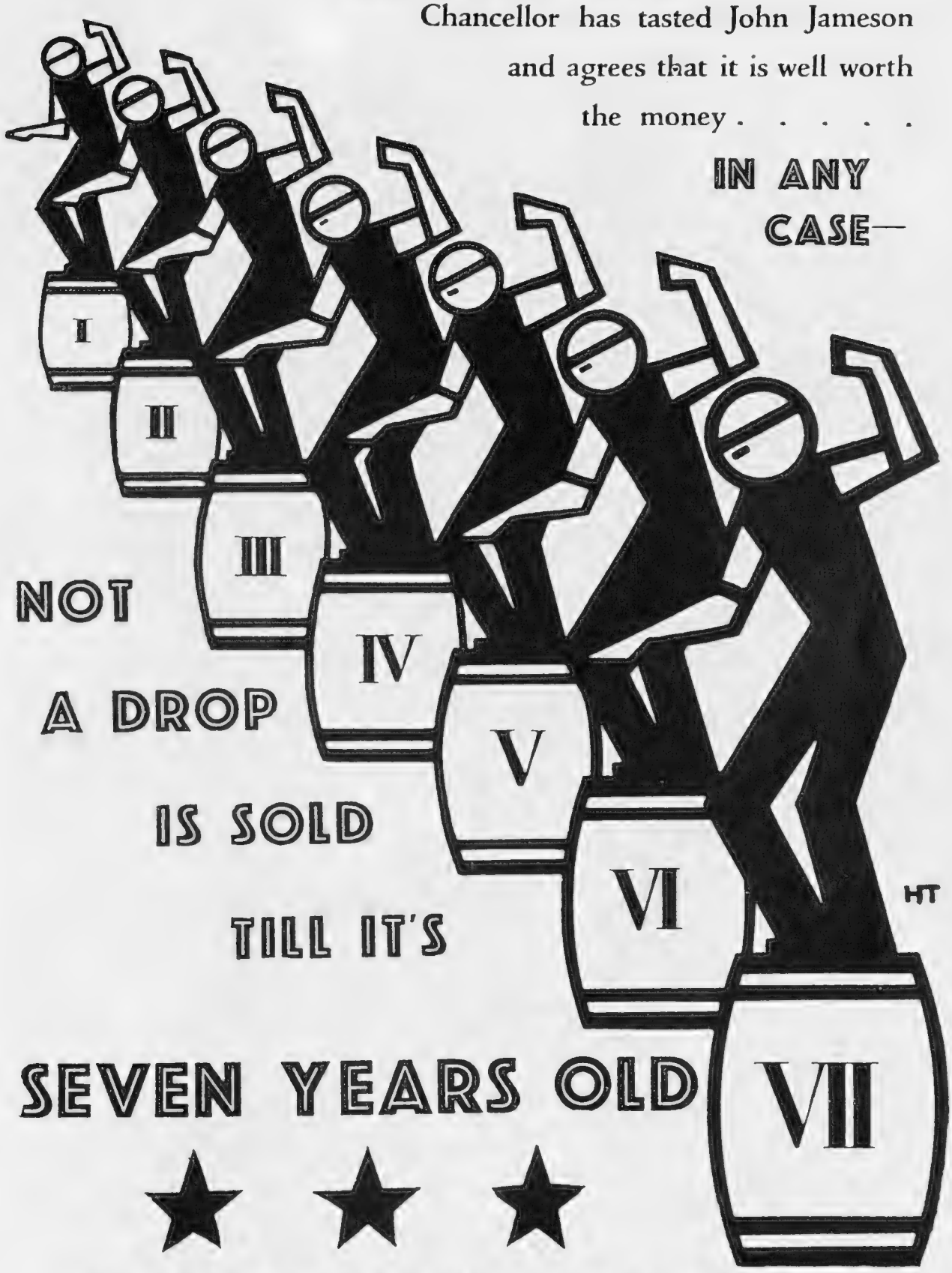

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WHEN WE WANT TO ESCAPE—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Lunch at a big London teashop is quite a reckless recreation"

LONDON, *April* 18.

DEAR COUSIN—

HATH it ever struck you, dear Cousin, what a lot of time we spend, quite a lot of even us so-called stolid and self-satisfied English, in just trying to escape? All nice and respectable we may be, with regular habits, and good to our husbands or wives and kind to animals, and punctual at the office, and don't go beyond our dress allowances—if such things still exist in these feminist days, but I suppose they do round about Tootham and Balling and other homes of the most respectable and nice. But, all the same, all the time, methinks, there's a strong, silent, secret urge even and especially amongst the most blameless and backbone - of - the - country inhabitants of the neighbourhoods named and suchlike.

A SIMPLY terrific pash or longing to get right out of their *milieu* or environment, so to speak, from all those ties and conventions and funny local customs that certainly must be a bit wearing—and make even lunch at a big London teashop quite a reckless recreation and relief. How else, by the way, account for those positively amazing queue-ists, for instance, who wait from dawn to dusk to get into a play, and directly it's over walk round the corner to another theatre and start camping out for the next *première*? Only "smart" plays, mind you, they're after. Society and Sheiks—that's what their hungry hearts yearn for, poor dear things, and I only hope they like 'em when they get 'em (as portrayed on the stage, I mean, *or* screen).

AND how else account either for the absolute scramble, push, and rush for the novels of the well-known Miss Dull and Miss Hell—'fraid I've got 'em a bit mixed, but you know the kind I mean. Which are all about Earls and Viscounts, not to mention Marquesses and Dukes (or even mere Barts.), who are fearfully fascinating and fashionable, what? Remember that famous one we read together that wet day in the hydro at Ecclefechan (or was it Llandryniog?) called "The Knave of Hearts" or something—wherein in the very first chapter the Wicked Bart. said to the Highborn Lady at the great and exclusive County Ball, "May I conduct you to the saloon for some refreshment?" And then there's also the well-known Hellish or Dullish brand of Super-Sheiks from the great Open Spaces of the Desert who nobly keep on keeping on being gloriously handsome and romantic and chivalrous and all that sort of thing, spite of all the tiresome explorer people like Rosita Forbes and Co., who will *insist* on telling us about how they're really rather mean and unclean little Dagoes who'd drink the cat's milk or the baby's bottle, and generally manage to forget their annual bath. . . .

"A new hat and some other oddments"

BUT, after all, I suppose we all try to escape sometimes, don't we?—even if we don't have lace curtains, or overmantels, or second Thursdays, or socials, or whatever they call 'em, to escape *from*. Especially in these spacious, springing April days, when, as the poet remarks—Mr. Masefield, to wit—daylight comes at five, and

> I went into the garden,
> Most glad to be alive,
> The thrushes and the blackbirds
> Were singing in the thorn,
> The April flowers were singing
> For joy of being born.

Well, buying a new hat's one way, anyway, and some other oddments to go with it while you're about it, *n'est-ce pas?*—such as frocks and shoes and gloves? All of which help to transport one almost more than anything, meseems, into a sort of new world if you really feel the need of it. And distinctly more fresh-airy, too, methinks, than some of the resorts of the aforesaid hardy first-nighters, for instance, that they so eagerly frequent to saturate 'emselves, so to speak, in an atmosphere of high Society and allurement.

"To supper and dance"

AS, *e.g.*, *The Constant Wife* at the Strand, which I don't mind telling you is not in the very least like *The Constant Nymph* at the New, and don't you forget it. And must say I rather prefer Miss Margaret Kennedy to Mr. Somerset Maugham on the subject of constancy, what? Not to mention, this time, Edna Best to Fay Compton, though it's hardly fair to compare

(*Continued on page* 138)

IN these little talks the directors of Pass and Joyce, Ltd., discuss various matters that intimately concern every car buyer. Motorists and prospective motorists are cordially invited to "listen-in" and gain some useful inside information.

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Sporting Days and Ways

Photo Illus.

RIGHT DOWN THE "PRETTY"

Abe Mitchell photographed driving off from the fourth tee at Roehampton in the final of the Annual Professional Invitation Golf Tournament, which Mitchell won by 3 and 1

Sport and General

THE FRENCH ARMY XV

Who played a plucky game against the British Army at Blackheath under the very difficult conditions created by a sea of mud. The Frenchmen were unlucky to have several injuries during the course of the game

Sport and General

GOLF IN BUCKS

Roger Wethered, who beat C. J. H. Tolley by one stroke in the "Gold Vase" Tournament at Beaconsfield

G.P.U.

THE BRITISH ARMY XV

Who beat the French Army at Blackheath by 12 points to 6. In spite of the heavy conditions this was one of the best and keenest games of the Rugby season, as both sides showed some fine points of play

in the Green o' the Year

SPORTING DAYS IN BERLIN

Photopress

Members of the Cambridge University Soccer team which recently visited Germany. They won their match against a home team on one of Berlin's sports grounds by the odd goal

H. W. AUSTIN

H. K. LESTER (left) and E. HIGGS

J. C. GREGORY

Photographs

C. H. KINGSLEY (left) and O. G. N. TURNBULL

Central Press

NIGEL SHARPE (left) and I. G. COLLINS

DAVIS CUP "POSSIBLES"

Some of the players who took part in the recent Davis Cup Lawn Tennis Trials at Wimbledon. Rain was another—and uninvited—entrant

actresses in different parts, I suppose, is it? Anyway, this wife's a somewhat cool young woman who pretends not to know her husband's having an affair with her greatest friend even when *his* cigarette-case is found under *her* pillow, and finally goes off to the Riviera or somewhere for six weeks on *her* own with a *tertium quid*.

卐

P'raps quite sound and logical idea, too, what?—but just a little bit too much on the cynical and inhuman and heartless side—anyway, for the great hearts of the great British public, which actually boo-ed a Maugham play *and* Miss Compton when she made a speech, and got rather cross because someone in the gallery said "Shut up," which wasn't really meant for her, but for someone else up aloft who was saying things. Rather sad and disturbing *dénouement*, though, and hastened off with even more than usual gusto and dispatch, I did, to supper and dance just to take the taste away. And fortunately were not invaded, we weren't, that night by any members of the A.O.F.T. Dost know them?

卐

Fear not—a band of reactionaries, not Bolshies—though must say, what with Froth Blowers and Mustard Clubs and things, we've got wellnigh almost a surfeit of these secret societies (I don't think), what? Ancient Order of Fox Trotters, I'll confess to you at once to end your suspense, this latest society is, and say their mission in life's to get the band-time down and make us all dance the slow fox trot once more. With which not altogether unlaudable purpose must say they're raiding all sorts of dance places and holding up the music till conductors and people agree there's something in what they say, and put the beat down from sixty or so to forty-eight or thereabouts *prónto*—and not at all sure I blame 'em either, 'cos we really *have* been dancing a bit too fast, don't you agree?

"Go out for a quiet walk with dog"

卐

Have the post-War profiteers helped to make us rather hatefully vulgar about money and things?—alas! I rather fear so. Personally would *ever* so much rather go out for a quiet walk with dog—oh, and yes, p'raps, another person—and be more or less monarch of all I survey in delightful sunny Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens than ride in rich car with even the most excusably rich. Not that I don't simply *adore* wealth, and all the nice, comfy, cheering things that go therewith; but other people's—it's so stuffy, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

MORE ABOUT REVOKES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Should the last ounce be exacted out of the revoke penalty? That is a nice question which must be left to the individual player.

On the one hand it may be argued that a player has a duty to his partner, and has no business to let the opponents off too lightly, but should take everything the laws allow.

On the other hand a revoke may be penalised out of all proportion to the offence. I remember a case under the old laws when the Declarer could take 150 points from his adversaries for each revoke. Z was playing a No-Trumper and led out a long suit of six Clubs. A failed to follow suit on first round, and it was only on the sixth round of Clubs that he discovered he held the two of Clubs tucked away amongst his Spades. Z was therefore entitled to claim the enormous penalty of 750 points for five revokes which had no bearing on the game at all. He did not do so. He claimed for three revokes and took 450 points. His partner, who was Dummy, protested, but Z replied that substantial justice had been done, and the incident was closed. Was the Declarer right or wrong?

. . . . . .

It seems to me a very open question. If you are going to exact the revoke penalty at all, why modify it arbitrarily and say, "I will take for three revokes but not for five." Why should you discriminate in this way and let your opponents off 300 points? I can't see the logic of it. If you play by the laws you must either follow the laws completely or not at all. But the argument is, "I don't want to be too hard on an opponent for a mistake from which he gained nothing. I follow the laws in the spirit, not in the letter, and prefer to let him off as lightly as possible while making him pay something."

Of course, the ideal thing would be to discriminate between revokes that are advantageous to the revokers and revokes that are just careless slips which do not affect the issue at all. But I realise that in practice it would be impossible to frame laws adequately to cover these cases.

Sometimes it happens that a revoke is a very profitable proposition for the revokers. It may even save the game after the penalty has been paid or it may save slams.

This point should be remembered, and it is not realised by many players. If you are playing a hand and you know one of your adversaries has revoked, and it is not advantageous to you to allow the revoke, you can always challenge him. Your correct procedure is to say, "I think one of my opponents has revoked." This will cause them to look through their hands again and save a further revoke. This actual case occurred. Declarer saw he could get a Grand Slam, but one of his opponents had revoked. If he allowed him to revoke again, Declarer was in danger of losing the last five tricks, in which case he would have had to use the revokes to win the game and would have scored no slams.

Of course, the laws do not contemplate such a thing as an intentional revoke, or a second revoke knowingly made to cover the first. Anyone who revokes purposely is a cheat. But you should always remember that, if you are Declarer, and your opponents revoke, you can, if you please and it suits your hand, try to save a second revoke.

. . . . . .

A great deal has been appearing in the Press lately about the superiority of the American laws to the English. In this matter of revokes, I think there is no doubt that the Portland Club is right.

The American idea has been to whittle away the penalties for revoke, so that now they are reduced for *either* side to a penalty of two tricks for the first revoke and one trick for each subsequent revoke, these tricks to be taken actually at the end of the hand from the revoking side. The effect of this is to make revoking in America a far less serious matter than it is in England, since by the American code, after the adjustment has been made, the side scores exactly as if no revoke had been made. Thus Declarer makes little slam in No-Trumps but revokes. All the opponents can do is to take two tricks from him, leaving him four by cards, for which he scores 40 points below the line. Under English laws he would not score at all below the line, and this I believe to be right and just.

After all, a revoke is the most serious offence that can be committed at the card-table, and, if you are going to tamper with the revoke penalty, you strike at the heart of the game. It is true that a revoke, as I have said, may sometimes be penalised unduly. But you have to take the rough with the smooth. The American laws make revoking too mild an offence, and I have no doubt that is a step in the wrong direction.

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Terriers to the Fore

CANINE DEFENCE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE democratic and ever-popular Terrier is much to the fore just now. Leicester's Airedale and Fox Terrier Club held its Show yesterday. The Midland Sealyham Terrier Club's Annual Show is at Rugby to-day (Wednesday); and Terriers are to figure largely at Brighton's Show to-morrow, and at Bedford on Thursday of next week. Also, and this is noteworthy, an All-Terrier Championship Show will be held at Olympia on May 3, the day before the opening of this year's Ladies' Kennel Association Show in the same fine venue. British Terriers are also figuring very prominently now in most of the big Continental Shows.

The prickly subject of vivisection is one that "The Kennelman" prefers not to approach in print, if only because we in England have a queer way of entangling it with vaccination and vegetarianism and other mixed pickles, which apparently inspire the indigestible kinds of rhetoric otherwise peculiar to quarrels between relatives and religious controversy. This does not alter the indubitable fact that among all the non-human animals Dogs have earned for themselves a status that is unique, and claims that are singular. The British Medical Association and its experimenters may or may not appreciate this. Dog-keepers who mistrust them and their aims, where our Dogs are concerned, should communicate *ek dum* with the Secretary of the National Canine Defence League, Victoria Station House, S.W.1, for full information and advice. "The Kennelman" sees no matter for tears in the lethal chamber as a destination for homeless strays; but vivisection—that is quite another matter.

Complaints are coming in, especially from Wales, Ireland, and the West of England, of the loss of valuable Dogs from poison picked up in fields. It ought to be generally understood that the layers of poison (who really deserve something more painful than fines) are to be got at in two ways. The exposure of the poison is in itself an offence against the law, irrespective of results. Further, the poison-layer is held liable in law for any resultant damage. Prosecution is an urgent duty for all who possess evidence, and neglect of it is a sin against justice and sportsmanship.

A South African reader who is keen on Alsatians writes that the breed rather suffers down under from the hostility of farmers (especially on the Karoo), who claim that they chase and kill sheep. "The Kaffir-owned mongrels are really the worst offenders, but, of course, Alsatians do get out of hand where their owners neglect control and discipline." Quite so. On the Karoo, and anywhere else, Dogs are mirrors of their owners' characters and customs.

The magazine called *The Animals' Advocate*, edited by M. E. Dickin, costs 4*d.*, and is the organ of that practical and admirable institution, the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor), whose ambulances, nurses, and dispensaries really do mitigate a deal of animal suffering. It is published at 26, Lancelot Place, Brompton Road, S.W.7.

A reviewer recently stated that:—"The increase in the number of Dog books during the past autumn has been surprising; not less, I should say, than 50 per cent. from pre-War average." Accepting the estimate as correct—certainly not an over-statement—it is not in the least "surprising" to those having any inside knowledge; for the increase in British Dog keeping, fancying, and breeding since pre-War years amounts to something between 200 and 300 per cent., *vide* Kennel Club official statistics for 1926

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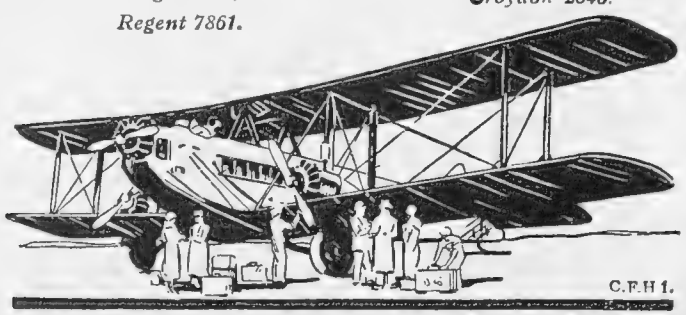

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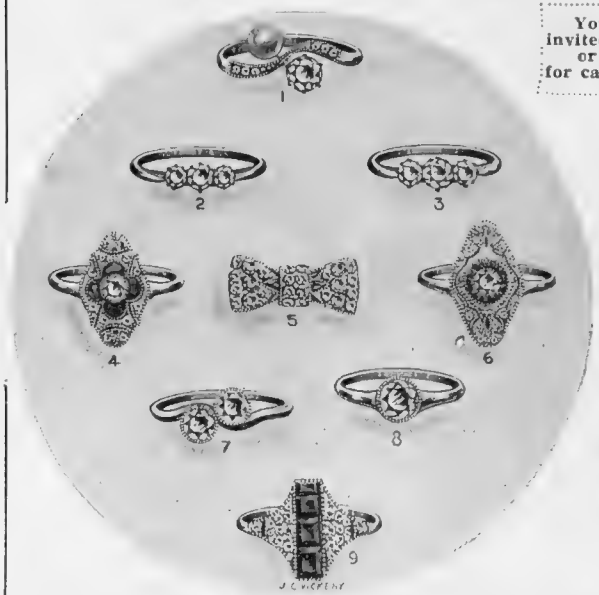

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RIVIERA NOTES

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE ROYAL NAVY IN ACTION

Lord Louis Mountbatten who played for the British Mediterranean Fleet against Cannes at Mandelieu. The visitors enjoyed a keen and close game

Photographs *Topical*

BEFORE THE GAME

Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, another player to represent the Mediterranean Fleet against Cannes. Lady Louis Mountbatten presented the prizes after the match

THE glorious sunshine of the long Spring days on the Riviera would make even a Chancellor of the Exchequer forget his troubles, and it is good for those who are able to remain to realise that May should be even more delightful than April. Outdoor recreations of all kinds are in full swing, and wherever you find a nice sandy beach along the coast you may be certain to find crowds of happy youngsters playing all day long, while their elders are bathing in the blue sea or taking sun baths and getting comfortably and elegantly browned months in advance of their friends who will patronise the northern resorts later on.

THE long and very successful series of tennis tournaments will come to an end with the La Festa week at Monte Carlo, which follows the tournament at Juan-les-Pins, but all the clubs are still very animated, and it is a sign of the times that several competitions are now being planned for the summer months at Nice, Beaulieu, Juan-les-Pins, Cannes, and possibly one or two other places. The King of Sweden and the Earl of Balfour are still here and playing tennis daily with a zest and vigour which would do credit to many who could not claim to be such veterans as these two distinguished and regular visitors.

SPORT is also very brisk at each of our golf clubs, and for the first time on record the Nice Golf Club, which has generally brought its winter season to a close at the end of April, has now decided to inaugurate an extra season for the months of May and June, for which the subscription will be very moderate. This ought to prove a most popular innovation.

FOR the Easter week-end there was no lack of entertainment, and it is worthy of mention that hotel accommodation is now much easier to secure and the prices are much lower than in the height of the fashionable season. An International Regatta was arranged to commence at Nice on Easter Sunday, and it is not at all surprising, after the record success of the Yachting Fortnight at Cannes, to note that nearly fifty entries were received. The chief prize was one of the value of 10,000 francs, presented by Lord Borwick, who has a Riviera home here.

THE same day saw the opening of the annual Military Horse Show at Nice, which is invariably a great attraction. This year it must have established a fresh record for attendance, for a team of British officers was among the many competitors for the first time. Most of the British colony on the Riviera turned up to support their fellow-countrymen under the circumstances. Other countries that sent teams were—in addition, of course, to France, which always enters into these events with great enthusiasm—Italy, Poland, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Roumania, and Mexico, to say nothing of various officers who made individual entries.

THE visit of the British Mediterranean Fleet was a most enjoyable affair, but far too short, and officers and men left for other ports with obvious reluctance. They took part in many social and sporting events on shore, and there was a smart crowd at the polo match at Mandelieu between the Navy and a Cannes team. The visitors were represented by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Lieut. Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lieut. Wentworth, and Sub-Lieut. Heywood-Lonsdale, the home team comprising Prince O. Halim, Comte J. de Madre, Mr. F. B. Elkins, and Mr. Madrilener, the former being the winners by 8½ goals to 5 after a rattling good game. Lady Louis Mountbatten distributed the prizes, which consisted of handsome silver cups, and are by now doubtless displayed among the other sporting trophies of the Fleet to show that the senior Service is as handy at the galloping game as at most other things.

THE Provençal Festival at Le Cannet was one of the most charming spectacles imaginable. The weather was ideal, and the crowd which turned up proved to be far too large for the enclosures. Hundreds of the villagers came out wearing beautiful costumes of Old Provençe, some of the dresses and lace bonnets being between 150 and 200 years old, and the traditional dances and games were a delightful novelty for most of the spectators. The movement to revive these relics and customs of a bygone age is evidently very popular. The festival was mainly due to the energies of two English residents who have made a study of local history, Mr. Rowland Inglott and Mr. Charles Hayward, the latter the author of a remarkable book entitled "The Courtesan," recently issued in a limited and numbered *édition de luxe* by the Casanova Society.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK stayed in Cannes much longer than he had originally planned, and now Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are on the Riviera for a few weeks, making their headquarters at the Hôtel Bristol at Beaulieu, quite near to the villa of the Duke of Connaught. Recent arrivals in Cannes include Lord and Lady Alness, Lord Hunter, Lord and Lady Inverclyde (back in port again with the yacht *Beryl*), Sir Charles and Lady Holdsworth, Lady Mullens, Lady Holloway, Colonel House (the intimate friend of the late President Wilson) and Mrs. House, and Mr. Robert Hichens, who has been naturally interested in the progress made in the filming of his novel, "The Garden of Allah," at Nice by Mr. Rex Ingram, who has now left with his company for Algiers, where the final outdoor scenes are to be taken.

LIPICTURES

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. 5: MISS PAULINE FREDERICK

An impression of the famous film star, who is at present appearing in person in "Madame X," at the Lyceum. Having made her mark in Filmland and Theatreland, she has "made her mark" with her lips on the original of the above portrait, which she has also autographed with her lipstick

"THE BUTLER"

Man is happiest when dispensing good cheer. It calls for discrimination, and a real knowledge of the subtleties that make for happy friendship. In short, it calls for ——

DEWAR'S

Femina

PLEASING ONESELF

By "CANDIDA"

NOTHING seems easier. Pleasing oneself is an instinct one's got in common with the beasts of the field and the human creature that's just begun to be human. And yet, there's nothing more difficult at this time of day. Barring a few young things, that haven't really started to live, I don't know anyone who's ever succeeded at it.

LIFE for the next few months is, or appears to be, one long, elaborate sequence of pleasure. In other words, the Season's begun, as it always does after Easter, with its inevitable programme to which nothing's ever added, though a little unexpectedness might help enormously with the zest of living through it. Except for a few "debs.," who're too—too modern to be outwardly enthused, and some Americans, new to the business, there's hardly a woman who goes through the round to please herself. And as Ascot succeeds Ascot, and Court follows on Court, it dawns even on the "debs." of last Season and the Americans at their second or third go, that there's as much sameness about the best people as about the rest of the world. Life, alas! is given to repeating itself, and, for ought we know, even heaven may be more or less of a routine.

OF course it's essential to have a Season. For one thing, it's "good for trade," and the poor thing does need encouragement badly. Also Society's got to meet itself if it's to remain Society, and there's no denying that it helps to—well, get off one's daughters. And, finally, one's yet to meet the leader with sufficient go and courage and imagination to enforce something different. Far safer to jog along the same old road with this consolation to the good—the consolation that this year's Ascot is never exactly like last year's The hats are different, and the frocks are "more so" if possible, and there are always other horses to lose on. But as for the rest, we don't look underneath the civilised surface, not at Ascot anyway.

THAT's why, I take it, pleasing oneself is so easy to talk about, and so difficult to live up, I mean down, to. To look underneath the surface takes time, which one hasn't got, and inclination, which isn't exactly there either. Lots of women haven't the glimmer of a notion as to the lives they lead, and the sort of people they are. I know one who's reckoned (by those who don't know any better) one of the fortunate of this world. For some thirty years or so she's had a delightful husband who's been happy to see to every wish she's expressed, and, of course, to all those she hasn't. Socially she's somebody in Hampstead, or wherever it is she lives. She's got enough money to be comfortable, and not enough to feel oppressed. Her two eminently satisfactory children, with their eminently satisfactory children, live just round the corner, where she can see them whenever she likes. She's never had a day's illness in her life, as they say in the papers, and it would be difficult to find anyone with more reasons for happiness as happiness goes. But her life, apparently, is one long, self-appointed martyrdom. Because heaven hasn't sent her any real griefs she invents them. The slightest molehill of annoyance she magnifies into an Everest of sorrows, and she spends her time regretting the happiest of pasts and fearing for the rosiest of futures. An anxious "if only" is the burden of all her remarks, and she's the unhappiest creature alive, much more unhappy than if she were really unhappy, because she's happy—and she doesn't know it.

ONE reason why the nice people can't please themselves, and wouldn't if they could, is because of their scruples. Just as one imagines that there isn't enough money to go round, and the more one has, the less there is for other people, so one's apt to believe that happiness, too, is a limited quantity, and the best way to make others happy is to leave lots lying about without helping oneself to any of it. According to this antiquated pattern they still produce some of the best women going, in spite of careers, and professions, and everything. Not so in America, I believe. Self-sacrifice was never conspicuously to the fore over there, and no secret's made of the idea that a woman's first duty is to herself. Our own *nouvelles jeunes* don't exactly shine at the self-effacing game either. Perhaps it hasn't been rubbed into them sufficiently that a woman's not intended to please herself, or else they're not keen on the thin time that's mostly the reward of being good and unimportant. Naturally, there's the usual outcry against the young by the less young. We, who're older than we were, are all so busy not pleasing ourselves that to see anyone calmly doing it is more than flesh and blood can bear.

LADY SHOLTO GEORGE DOUGLAS *Desgranges*

Who will be presented at Court in June. She has recently been awarded two prizes for her Pekingese at the Monte Carlo dog show. "Bébé" (left) carried off first prize and "Jimmy" (right) third prize

THE real trouble, of course, is to know when one's pleased. If the young things have discovered that, then even Solomon in all his glory was not as wise as one of these. If they've found out when they're happy, let alone why, then . . . then . . . but have they? Has anyone? I remember seeing a Japanese play where the curtain rose on the simplest of stage furnishings. Just emptiness, and a signpost to help those who couldn't make sense unaided out of undiluted drama. On the signpost it said: "This is a garden," or "This is the foot of a mountain," or "This is a room in a house." Just that—the rest was pure acting. The bald simplicity of it was more effective than painted cherry blossom laid on by the mile, and the finest interior ever produced by a sort of Japanese Maple. And I thought how much simpler life would be if only it gave one hints in the shape of a mental signpost with "This is happiness" written upon it. At least we'd know where we were.

CANDIDA.

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

No more representative British six-cylinder car could have been chosen for the Duke of York's Empire tours than the Crossley. It is a happy combination of dignified size and appearance with reasonable price. In my opinion the most attractive model is the special fabric saloon, which sells at £720, i.e., only £45 more than the open tourer. The union of this particular type of body with such a chassis gives both the solid comfort that one expects from a heavy coach-built saloon with, at the same time, the light weight, and therefore the performance, of an open tourer. The gear ratios, for instance, are the same as those used on the latter model. The maximum speed on the level is not particularly high, but it is attained without a trace of fuss or noise anywhere on the way, and, thanks to the excellently chosen gear ratios, the car is very fast on hills; 40 m.p.h. is easily attained on third speed. Steering is easy, but feels road shocks rather more than one expects on this class of car.

***

THE body is a most remarkable piece of work, with every possible fitting, even to parcel nets in each rear corner—a space which is usually wasted. There is, of course, no trace of drumming, thanks to the special construction, and, owing to the exhaust pipe being lead down from the front end of the engine, there is no unpleasant fug or fumes in the saloon, even when the windows are shut. Both body and chassis have many special features too numerous to detail here; one, for example, is the enormous 20-gallon petrol tank at the rear, with an arrangement for trapping 2 gallons as reserve. Another is the notably clean design of the engine and its high degree of finish. But most notable of all is the appearance; there are three masses of colour—the polished aluminium bonnet, the dark brown fabric body with aluminium beading round the doors (a feature I do not enthuse over myself), and a lighter red-brown on the wings and wheels. The whole body is remarkably roomy and yet is so designed that the handsome proportions of the chassis are shown off to full advantage.

FOR THE EAST

A Hooper 40/50 Rolls-Royce Tourer. This handsome model was recently supplied to H.H. The Maharajah of Mayurbhanj

***

ALTOGETHER the makers have achieved a *tout ensemble* which looks distinctive—that attribute so beloved of the British motorist—without being vulgar. On the contrary, the appearance is dignified to the point of exclusiveness, whether one looks at it from the outside or the inside, for even the view from the driver's seat over the long bonnet and gigantic radiator cap is immensely impressive.

***

A NEST of suit-cases within a dust- and water-proof cover finished in the same tone as the body is a standard extra well worth the £30 charged; usually such a set would cost nearly £50. When I called round for this car at the Crossley depot in Conduit Street I found that it had moved from No. 41 over the street to No. 20, where the genial Major Lefrere has found much more space, complete with a lift, so that a much greater range of models is always on view. I now hear that one of the latest type Crossley "Six" enclosed limousines is being supplied to H.M. the King and that another is on order for the Prince of Wales. This is the third occasion they have had the honour of supplying a car to His Royal Highness.

***

WITH the suggested abolition of the speed limit in the new Road Bill, the Metropolitan Police are making the very most of the present regulations so long as they last. For the first two months of this year the R.A.C. reported a greater volume of police trapping and prosecutions for exceeding the speed limit in the Metropolitan area than in the whole course of

A RUSTIC SCENE

A Standard car photographed in the delightful village of Bourton-on-the-Hill. It is an 18/36 h.p. 6-cylinder "Stratford" touring model

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THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

'To describe the Rolls-Royce is to gild the lily. There is no motorist who does not know its many virtues. . . . The statement that the comparatively high initial cost of this car is justified by the superlative value of the materials and workmanship incorporated in it is no exaggeration. To the slightest detail the workmanship is superb. The two models, the 20 H.P. and the 40/50 H.P. New Phantom, are, indeed, magnificent cars. Their reputation is world-wide, and there can be few, if any, who will deny that the Rolls-Royce is the best car in the world.

'The purchase of a Rolls-Royce is an investment rather than an extravagance. No other car made enjoys such a small depreciation in value with the passing of years, and after the hardest of use there will always be a ready market for a car that never seems to grow old.'

LIVERPOOL JOURNAL OF COMMERCE on 6th April, 1927

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H.M. THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA

H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

Kennington Service.

their existence. The Metropolitan Police Force possesses infinite versatility. This may not always be apparent when there are burglars or other criminals to be caught, but give them a motorist doing over 10 or 20 m.p.h., as the case may be, and they are just the fellows. An entirely new method is reported by a motorist who was travelling along the Embankment the other day. Behind him a car began to hoot vigorously, so, thinking its occupants wanted him to get on a bit, he speeded up. The car followed faster and faster, still hooting, till he looked round and found that it was manned by men in blue. They signalled him to stop, took the usual particulars, and informed him that he had been going at 34 m.p.h., or whatever it was. I have not yet heard whether a summons has followed. Such a case would raise many interesting questions.

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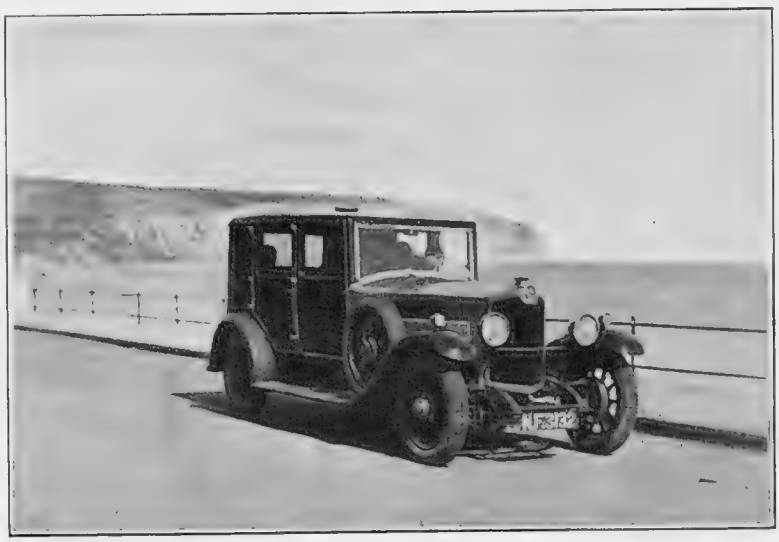

ON THE FRONT

A Crossley "Six" fabric saloon photographed at a popular seaside resort. This is a comparatively small car with distinctive lines, selling at a very modest price

THE recent announcement that the well-known Arrol-Johnston Company of Dumfries has amalgamated with the Aster Engineering Co. (1913), Ltd., is one of exceptional interest. The Aster Co. has been developing a most attractive large six-cylinder car of 24-70 h.p. with a single-sleeve-valve engine, for which they hold the manufacturing rights. As a result of the new arrangement, these rights will be acquired by Arrol-Johnston, Ltd., and the cars will be made at the latter company's works at Dumfries, in addition, of course, to the popular 12-30 h.p. Galloway and 15-40 h.p. Arrol-Johnston already made there. The new company, which will be known as the Arrol-Johnston and Aster Engineering Company, Ltd., has a composite board of directors, including Lord Invernairn (formerly Sir William Beardmore), head of the great armament and shipbuilding organisation in Glasgow, and Mr. Sydney D. Begbie, M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E., founder of the Aster firm. Mr. William Lowe, formerly director and sales manager of Arrol-Johnston, Ltd., and Mr. C. Clench, A.M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E., who was responsible for the design of the Aster engines and cars, will be joint managing directors. There is no doubt that the demand of to-day is for more and more refinement in road travel, and sleeve-valve practice offers probably the most promising solution. It is to be hoped that with this arrangement more will be heard of the excellent Aster cars, which have been on the market for some years already.

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IT is not generally realised that the Donnet-Zedel organisation is the third largest motor manufacturing concern in France. The London version of this firm, Messrs. Donnet Motors, Ltd., which holds the concession for Great Britain for all Donnet cars, has just been reorganised with a new board of directors. The range of models shown in the headquarters at 42, Albemarle Street, is most attractive, particularly by reason of the very moderate prices.

E. M. WRIGHT.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Help

THE NEW MATERIALS FOR 1927

THE new materials designed exclusively for this House are now on view. The term "exclusive" is used with such promiscuous abandon by indifferent producers that it becomes necessary to emphasise the statement that these materials are specially manufactured for Pope & Bradley, and are unobtainable elsewhere.

The idea of having the materials from which the suits of their customers are made exclusively manufactured to new and carefully originate designs emanated from the mind of one of the principals of this House in 1926. Since then the system has been, and will be in future, rigidly adhered to. It has proved successful, artistically and commercially.

No other firm of tailors in Europe or America catering for the needs of a particular and discerning clientèle has ever attempted such a method.

It is an expensive process. But the results justify the expenditure of thought and money. Trade and commerce are dull and soulless occupations of man's energy unless he can evolve an artistry of purpose. To sit in some bleak room, with lifeless floral decorations on the wall, and greedily counting the money made from the number of drab suits turned out, would represent a foul existence. But to design a blend of colour, to tone a shade, and introduce a subtle line to weave, creates an interest and stimulates emotion.

The sculptor creates upon his inspiration, but with tender care he watches the materialisation of his ideas when cast in bronze.

England produces the finest woollen materials in the world, and the production is fortunately aided by unique climatic conditions—the water, for example, is a primary factor. The manufacture of woollens is one of England's natural assets and greatest industries. No other country in the world can compete with the quality. The texture and the durability have been determined, it remains for art to discover new designs.

* * * *

All of which is a somewhat vague essay in which to announce that the new and genuinely exclusive worsteds, made to the designs of Pope & Bradley, are the finest examples of British manufacture and as such should be acclaimed by all those of regal mind. The prices charged are relatively moderate—probably not nearly as expensive as the Chancellor of the Exchequer would desire.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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There is no guesswork about Sanatogen's action. It really does all that it claims to do. A distinguished physician recently *proved by actual tests on men and women* that Sanatogen increased their vitality by an average of 23%. (See *Medical Echo*, Jan. 1926).

Sanatogen infuses into the blood and nerve-cells the vital elements—phosphorus and albumin—from which bodily health and nerve-energy are derived. It provides, in a natural manner, just that extra energy that makes life go with a swing.

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IT IS SAID that Piccadilly is the centre of the world, and that Henlys are London's most progressive Motor Agents. Certainly the beautiful new showrooms which we have just opened at Devonshire House have been necessitated by the ever-increasing demand for cars at Henlys.

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"Personally I like them plain. But I know scores of people like you, my dear, who have become enthusiasts for the tipped cigarette since they discovered the 'Ivory'-tipped De Reszke... the cigarette with white spats, as they call it."

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Other De Reszke Cigarettes include *American* 25 for 1/10; *American de Luxe* (Hand Made), 25 for 2/-; and *Tenor* (Turkish), 25 for 3/2

Fashion's Fancies

Inlet diamond motifs of fine lingerie-net add to the elegance and charm of this art silk nightgown, sketched at Walpole's, New Bond Street, W.; the success of the accompanying dressing-gown resting largely on the handsome patterned silk requisitioned to its attractive expression. The cami-bockers are in art silk, showing a dainty rose design

The Ubiquitous Pleat

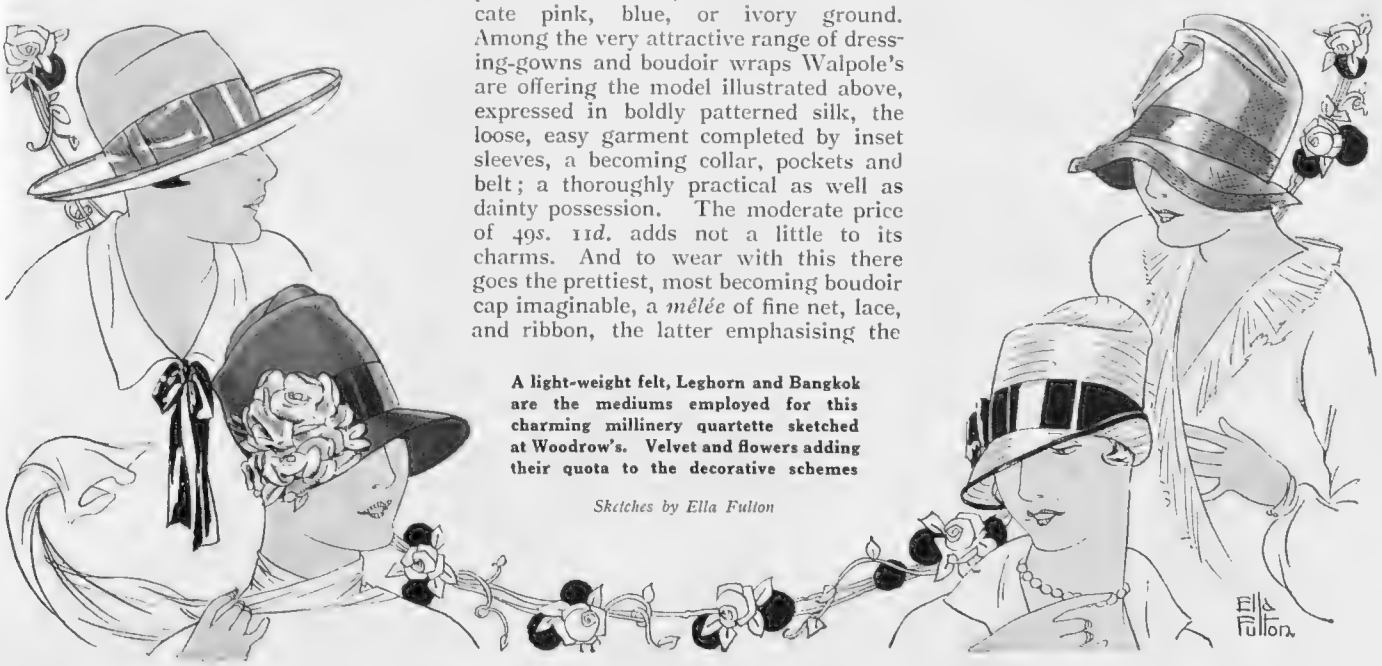
ANYTHING more ingenious and wonderful than the modern method of pleating it is impossible to imagine, the clever mechanism employed being apparently quite competent to attack all sorts and kinds of material, from cloth to georgette, via *crêpe de Chine,* satin, and artificial silk. The fabrics will be pleated in vandyke form, diamond, dog's-tooth, and various other and more intricate patterns, the effect being achieved by reversing the order of the pleats, which produces a shaded appearance that is at once original and most attractive. The plainer *plissé* effects may, with all truth, be described as ubiquitous, a very fine close pleat in particular being requisitioned alike to the cause of skirts to jumper suits, tennis dresses, and smart afternoon and evening gowns. With the latter, the *plissé* skirt is to be seen mounted in points on to the bodice, or in some other way to present an uneven waist effect, ingeniously arranged to give a graceful, becoming *ligne* to the figure.

Dainty and Desirable

THE word "art" has never been more aptly applied than to the wonderful range of silken fabrics that each year are developed and improved upon by clever designers and manufacturers. An ingenious blending of colours serves to produce the most artistic shades in silks, specially devised for "undies," together with effective and novel patterns, both bold and simple, and altogether desirable. At Walpole's, New Bond Street, a great feature is being made of some exceptionally charming art silk nightgowns in a long range of exquisite colours, including pink, sky, maize, and apple, to which distinction is imparted by a deft inletting of lingerie-net diamond *motifs* in front, just below the rounded neck, hems of the same filmy net concluding the decorative story, which represents supreme value at 19*s.* 11*d.*; a price also attached to some cami-bockers, likewise expressed in art silk, this time one of the dainty patterned varieties, rosebuds on a delicate pink, blue, or ivory ground. Among the very attractive range of dressing-gowns and boudoir wraps Walpole's are offering the model illustrated above, expressed in boldly patterned silk, the loose, easy garment completed by inset sleeves, a becoming collar, pockets and belt; a thoroughly practical as well as dainty possession. The moderate price of 49*s.* 11*d.* adds not a little to its charms. And to wear with this there goes the prettiest, most becoming boudoir cap imaginable, a *mêlée* of fine net, lace, and ribbon, the latter emphasising the predominating colour of the wrap. But the boudoir caps at Walpole's are invariably charming, one notable little offering at only 8*s.* 11*d.* being arranged with tiny flowers and ruches of écru lace and ribbon on an écru net foundation.

The Dented Crown and Wider Brim

INTERESTING features of the new season's millinery are the dented crown and increased width of brim, the latter cleverly arranged to slope off towards the back, frequently on a level with the base of the high crown, almost after the manner of an old-world poke bonnet. That many girls will find this a particularly becoming *chapeau* is a fact very ably testified to by the sketch below, a model that Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, are presenting in navy Bangkok, priced at 4½ guineas. Also included in the illustrated group is another charming Bangkok shape at 5 guineas, the brim finished with a soft edge of stitched taffeta that can be adjusted as best suits the wearer. In a dull shade of *bois de rose* this is the adaptable type of hat that could not fail to prove an invaluable asset in any seasonable colour scheme. As always, the Summer sports hat receives special consideration at Woodrow's, fine felts and straws being in equal request to fashion the attractive and becoming styles that prevail. The "Joan" is a particularly irresistible model in real natural Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet, as suitable for riding as for ordinary sports-wear. The straw



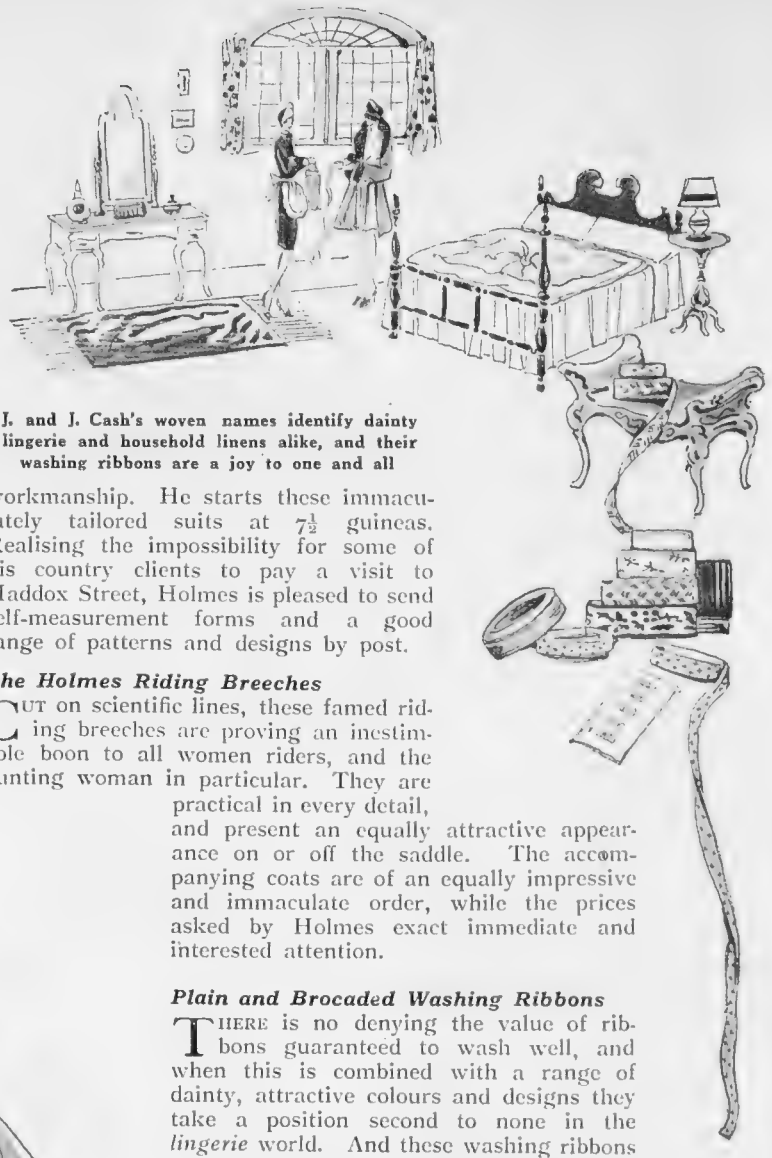
A light-weight felt, Leghorn and Bangkok are the mediums employed for this charming millinery quartette sketched at Woodrow's. Velvet and flowers adding their quota to the decorative schemes

Sketches by Ella Fulton

used is of such malleable quality that the crown can be dented and the brim adjusted to accommodate individual needs. Other details of interest to be noted are the moderate price of 25*s.* and the ease with which it can be rolled up for packing purposes. Our artist has included the attractive "Joan" among the accompanying illustrations, as also a delightful featherweight felt riding and sports hat that Woodrow's are offering in all leading colours and neutral shades at 35*s.*

Immaculate Cut and Finish

ENGLISH tailoring is renowned the world over, and nowhere is this reputation maintained with a higher, more assured hand than at 16, Maddox Street, the exclusive little *salons* presided over by Holmes. The supreme good cut, style, and finish accorded all the work turned out by him have resulted in a *clientèle* of fastidious sportswomen which realises the value and importance of the master hand, where the more severe type of tailor-mades are concerned. He is especially *épris* at the moment with simple little suits in navy, or one of the new neutral toned materials, arranged with a semi-fitting double-breasted coat and plain skirt pleated in front to give the requisite freedom, the top being mounted on to a shaped yoke band, which fits the figure to perfection. The becoming coat is finished with a beautifully fitted sleeve and inset pockets, and is thoroughly representative of Holmes at his best, which is very high praise, as all will agree after a personal experience of his workmanship. He starts these immaculately tailored suits at $7\frac{1}{2}$ guineas. Realising the impossibility for some of his country clients to pay a visit to Maddox Street, Holmes is pleased to send self-measurement forms and a good range of patterns and designs by post.



J. and J. Cash's woven names identify dainty lingerie and household linens alike, and their washing ribbons are a joy to one and all

The Holmes Riding Breeches

CUT on scientific lines, these famed riding breeches are proving an inestimable boon to all women riders, and the hunting woman in particular. They are practical in every detail, and present an equally attractive appearance on or off the saddle. The accompanying coats are of an equally impressive and immaculate order, while the prices asked by Holmes exact immediate and interested attention.

Plain and Brocaded Washing Ribbons

THERE is no denying the value of ribbons guaranteed to wash well, and when this is combined with a range of dainty, attractive colours and designs they take a position second to none in the *lingerie* world. And these washing ribbons and the name of J. and J. Cash are terms synonymous. The brocaded fancies are firm favourites, a plain spot and tiny figured spray being accounted especially alluring, as also the "Princess,"

(*Continued on page* x)

The Late Mrs. Jack May

OUR readers will learn with deep regret that Mrs. Jack May, who has been writing the Fashion article in THE BYSTANDER since its early days, died on April 6 at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Sale, at Bicester. Mrs. May, who enjoyed a long and successful career as a writer on women's fashions, worked with Mr. Arnold Bennett on *Woman* in its early days, leaving to join the staff of *The Ladies' Field* when it made its first appearance. She held subsequent appointments on the *Daily Mirror* when it was a ladies' paper, *Country Life*, and on *The Queen*. Her loss will be deeply felt by her innumerable readers and friends in the world of Fashions.

Graceful lines and immaculate finish account for the pleasing appearance of the tailor-made suits at Holmes, 16, Maddox St., where also is to be found the last word in scientifically cut riding breeches and habits

Sketches by Margot

The Luxury Soap of the World

By Appointment.

YARDLEY'S
Old English LAVENDER SOAP

THERE is no finer quality Toilet Soap made, the luxury of its use has been cherished for generations.

Its mellow lather is a caress to the skin, purifying and refining it and preserving the youthful freshness of the complexion.

BOX OF THREE TABLETS - 3/-

The Yardley Lavender perfumery also includes:

Perfume	*per bottle, from 3/-*
,,	*Decanters, ,, 21/-*
Face Cream	*1/6*
Face Powder	*2/6*
Talc Powder	*1/2*
Shampoo Powders	*6 in box 1/6*

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

YARDLEY, 8, New Bond St., LONDON

PARIS: 24 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We illustrate Model No. E. B. 1123. Superfine Glacé Kid in Hazel or Beige. Or in Patent Leather. 42/-. Sample Shoes gladly sent on approval.

The sincerest form of flattery

—on the part of others, impels us to replace our current models by new ones every month. This keeps our styles exclusive and prevents them ever growing stale.

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We *do* understand the *young people* and how to please them

We *do* know how to make the everyday subject of School Outfitting interesting as well as practical.

If you bring your Boys and Girls to ROWE OF BOND STREET you give them everything that the ROWE SERVICE implies.

Write for Booklets:—
SCHOOL KIT FOR THE BOY &
SCHOOL KIT FOR THE GIRL

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woven in cubes, and the "Countess," a plain style, offered in a pleasing range of delicate colours. An embroidered trimming is very effective, and suggests itself as the leading *motif* in boudoir caps and wraps, and the hundred and one details of a woman's outfit.

Be Wise in Time

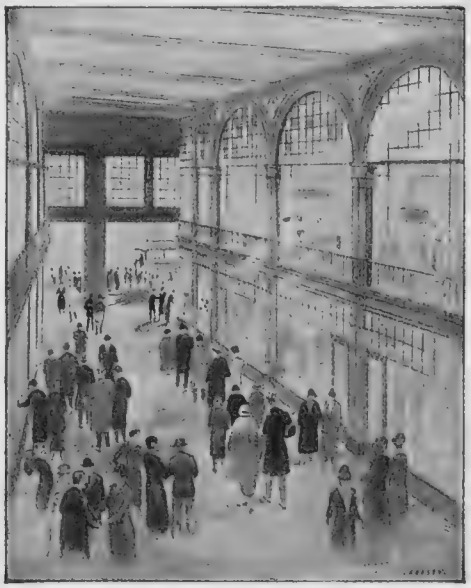
With school outfits a momentous consideration, there should be no delay in placing early orders for Cash's woven names. The strain on their resources is bound to be enormous, and, although every effort is made to produce the requisite output, the sooner the orders are sent to the necessary quarters the better. There are various styles to be had in woven names, each one of which can be made in red, navy, black, helio, blue, green, or yellow lettering, and in certain cases a black ground can be used. Initials, monograms, and figures, separate or consecutive, are also to be had, the latter being kept in stock by all the leading stores and outfitters.

The Shopper's Mecca

The Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street, is a veritable Arabian Nights palace for the discerning shopper. All the colours and scents of the East are to be found there—brassware from Benares, enamelware from Morandabad and Jaipore, sandalwood boxes, ebony elephants, and luxurious embroideries. In fact, everything that the shopper may desire is to be found in the Quadrant Arcade, from jewels, gowns, cigars and cigarettes to boots and shoes, pearls, gloves, lingerie, hosiery, and hats. It is safe to say that this new Quadrant Arcade is one of the most exclusive and one of the premier shopping centres of the fashionable world.

Cruising in the West Highlands

Those who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the "fey" beauty of the West Highlands will appreciate the different



THE QUADRANT ARCADE

circular tours by the s.s. Hebrides. This steamer, which is splendidly fitted with every convenience, leaves every ten days from Glasgow and Greenock. The cruise to the Outer Islands occupies about seven sailing days, and includes visits to all the most beautiful parts of the Islands. The cabin fare for the round trip, board included, is only £9. On special dates cruises are made to St. Kilda, Loch Roag, and Loch Scavaig, the cabin fare for this cruise, with board, being £10. Full particulars of dates of sailings and berths may be obtained from Messrs. John M'Callum and Co., 87, Union Street, Glasgow, C.1.

"Tittle Tattle"

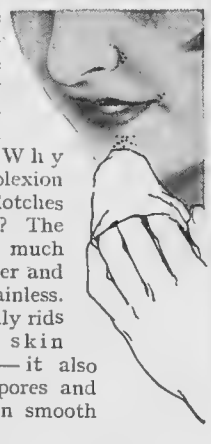
This is the title of a privately printed and very beautifully produced little book by Sir Charles Higham. In it the author has set down a number of wise saws on a wide variety of subjects which should find keen appreciation among its readers, and which, unless we are mistaken, are destined for a long career of quotation. "There is no fool like an old fool—unless it is a young one" and "Love is fanned by a bank draft" are two typical examples of the author's wit. While silence is regarded in many quarters as being golden, the author demonstrates, if one may judge by the colour of the book's cover, that an appropriately turned aphorism may be tinged with the same hue.

How to Write Humorously

It is not given to everyone to be a humorous writer, for many of us are like the Scotsman—we "joke wi' deefficulty." However, there are a large number of people who, although they feel the urge to give vent to a sense of humour on paper, are handicapped by not knowing how to begin. To them "The Art and Craft of Humourous Writing," by D. Nevill Howard, will be welcomed indeed. Published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., at 2s., this little book treats in a very businesslike manner the business of being funny for profit, and contains not only a masterly summing-up of what comprises Humour, but also gives many really valuable hints on construction and treatment. A list of the markets in which to place one's wares is a welcome feature.

An easy way to remove

Blackheads



Why torture yourself in trying to remove unsightly blackheads by painful squeezing? Why ruin your complexion by leaving blotches on your skin? The Radox way is much simpler, quicker and absolutely painless. Radox not only rids you of your skin blemishes—it also cleanses the pores and makes the skin smooth and healthy.

Read this letter:—

"Radox is wonderful for blackheads. I was always troubled with them at the side of the nose, as I work in a smoky city, but I got them out with Radox, after following your instructions, and they have never come back since, because now every time I wash I put a little Radox in the wash basin."

24th February, 1927. P.M.

Simply fill a cup with hot water—just hot enough to bear comfortably—and tip into it a teaspoonful of Radox Salts. Apply by dabbing on the part of face affected. After a few minutes' treatment wipe the face dry and the blackheads will be seen to have vanished. Follow by applying a little cold cream.

Get a packet of Radox to-day and test it to-night before you retire. A half-pound packet of Radox Salts costs **1/6** at any chemists and will provide sufficient for many applications. You need to take care that you get Radox in the pink packet—**1/6** per ½lb. size; **2/6** double quantity.

Exquisitely carved Wardrobe from an Oak Suite of XVII century detail ("Wren" and "Grinling Gibbons"), recently constructed in our own factory.

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When and Where Things will Happen.

A handy little card for desk or pocket, containing the dates and venues of over ninety of the principal sporting fixtures of 1927, has been prepared by "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." A copy of the same will be sent, gratis, to any reader who applies to the MANAGER, "I.S.D.N.," 16, ESSEX ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

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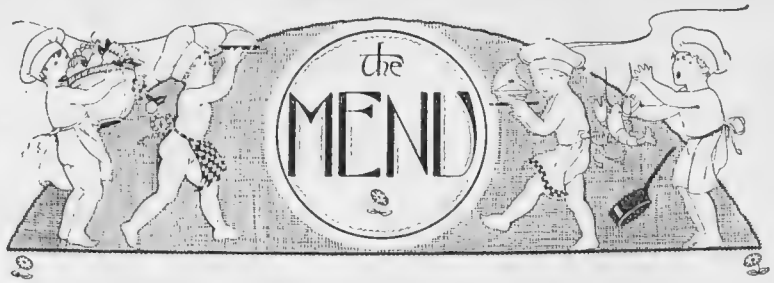
"XANTHA" made by Courtaulds, Ltd., Manufacturers of "LUVISCA."

perfect tobacco in perfect paper

ARMY CLUB

each cigarette perfectly packed



AN EASTERTIDE DINNER

PLOVERS' EGGS OR GRAPE FRUIT.
CLEAR SOUP.
BOILED SALMON AND SAUCE TARTARE.
SWEETBREADS WITH OYSTERS.
SADDLE OF LAMB.
NEW POTATOES. ASPARAGUS.
APRICOT ICE PUDDING.
CAVIAR AUX CREVETTES.
LIQUEURS. COFFEE. DESSERT.

Plovers' Eggs

THESE are now in season, and make a welcome *hors-d'œuvre*. They should be boiled eight minutes, and then put into water to remove the shell. Send to table with brown bread and butter.

Boiled Salmon and Sauce Tartare

Put the salmon in the stewpan with enough boiling salted water to cover it, add a little vinegar, and simmer gently till the fish is done. Garnish with cut slices of lemon and parsley, and serve with Sauce Tartare.

Sauce Tartare.—Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add a pinch of salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar. When well mixed stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, the same of finely chopped parsley, and some capers, chopped small.

Sweetbreads with Oysters

Quarter the sweetbreads after they have been soaked and blanched, and put them in a stewpan with a little white stock and the strained liquor of two dozen oysters, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Put 2 oz. of butter into a stewpan, stir and thicken with flour. When the sweetbreads are stewed enough add the gravy, then the oysters. Stew till the latter are heated through and plumped, but it must not boil, or the oysters will harden. Just before serving add a tablespoonful of cream.

Apricot Ice Pudding

One pint of cream, 6 oz. of castor sugar, 1 lb. of tinned apricots. Put half the cream on to boil in a double boiler; when hot add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Take from the fire, add the remaining half of the cream and, when cold, freeze. Mash up the apricots and stir them quickly into the frozen cream, turn the crank of the ice machine rapidly for five minutes, then remove the dasher, and pack in a basin on ice until wanted.

Caviar aux Crevettes

Spread some caviar on buttered toast, and garnish with picked prawns. This is a very dainty savoury.

Fresh Herrings with Tartare Sauce

Fillet three or four herrings, and place them for some hours in a pie-dish with one spoonful of oil, the same of vinegar, pepper, and salt, an onion cut into slices, and sprigs of parsley. Turn the herrings once. When ready to cook roll them in breadcrumbs, broil them, and serve with Tartare sauce. EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

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DOUBLE STRENGTH

160 Cups of Refreshing and Delicious Tea to every Pound.

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A selection of Hats will be forwarded on request.

Write for Illustrated Spring Catalogue.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

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"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it; its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, and so on; but it is in its wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour to the hair that its chief interest lies."

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"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise ... I have personally used this restorative ... I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty").

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 80), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster London, S.W.1., for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

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IN the stress of modern life grey hair perhaps comes earlier, but it no longer has the power to dismay. For every woman knows that Inecto will permanently recolour the hair, restoring the tone and texture in all its youthful beauty.
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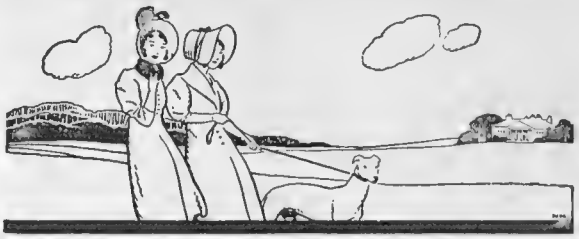

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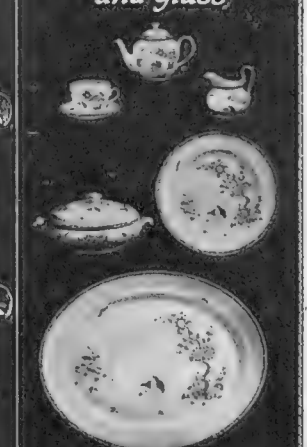

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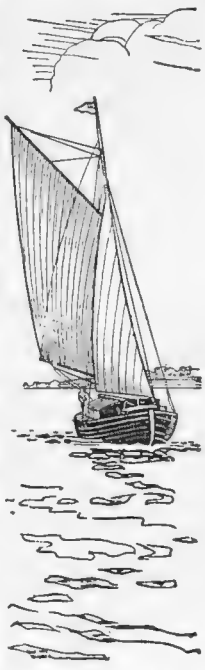

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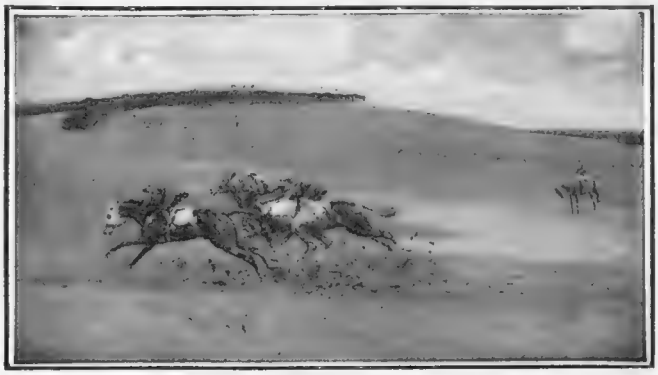

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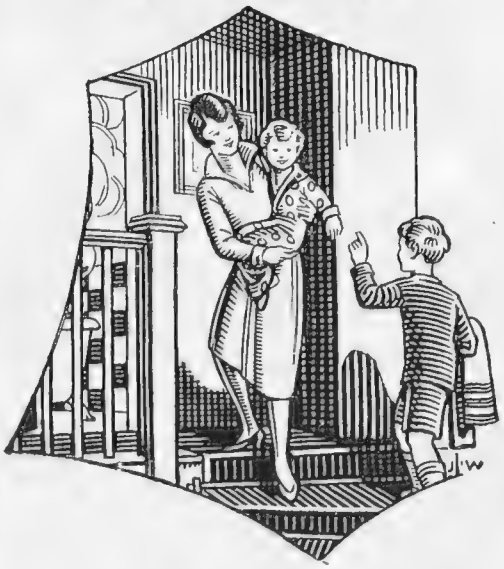

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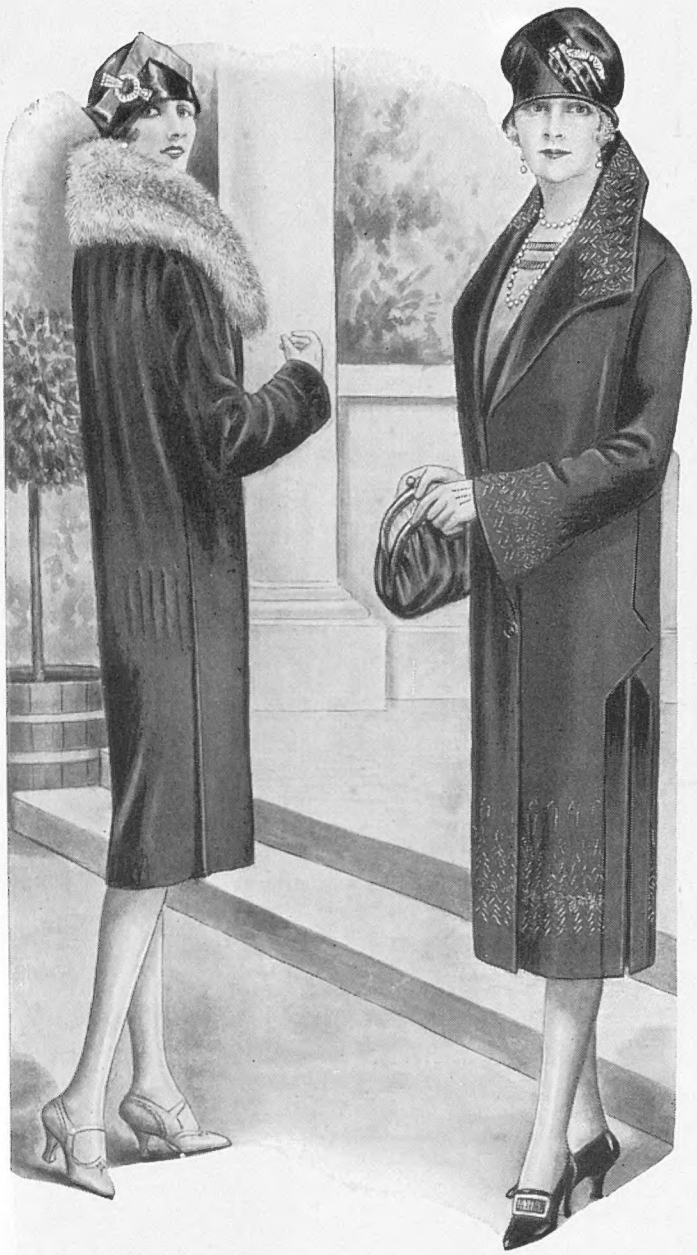

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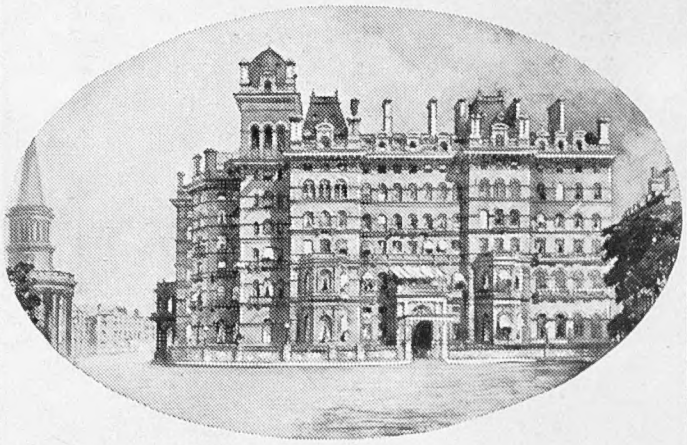

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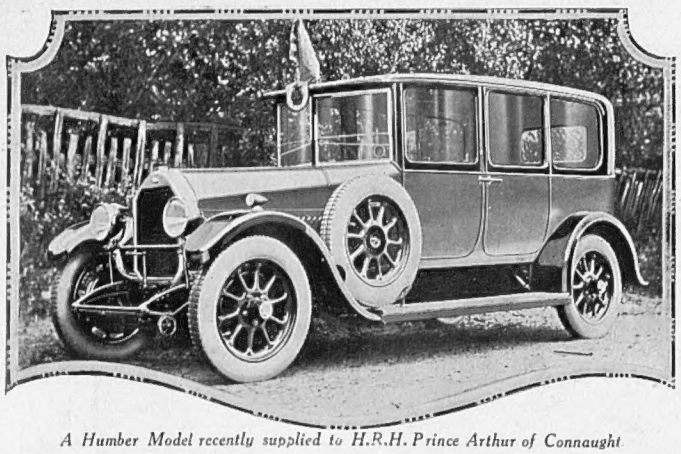

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